This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07599372 9

EMERTON

R. W. EMERTON

#1472

N.B.

CLIO.

BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

No. I.

[illegible]

CHARLESTON:
PUBLISHED BY [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Poetry, American

dia

CLIO.

BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

No. I.

Che sia *fra i magnanimi pochi!*—PETRARCA.

CHARLESTON:
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK & CO.
C. C. SEBRING, PRINTER.
1822.

35149B

DISTRICT OF SOUTH-CAROLINA:

SEAL.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-fifth day of January, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, and in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, JAMES G. PERCIVAL deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

"CLIO. By James G. Percival. No. I.

"Che sia *fra i magnanimi pochi!*—PETRARCA."

In conformity to the act of congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also an act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES JERVEY,
Clerk South-Carolina District.

PREFACE.

I MIGHT perhaps give the public, in rounded phrase, an apology for obtruding this volume on their notice: but I feel no inclination to beg for it that favour, which its own merits will not obtain. I have not, like Geoffrey and the Idle Man, concealed my real name beneath a fiction. I do not fear to answer for the offences of my own effusions, and I do not expect from them a weight of honour too great for my own shoulders to bear. I have offered this volume, as the first number of a series, which may perhaps be continued. But I make no promises. It may not only be the first, but the last of the family. At least, I do not intend to limit the appearance of these numbers to stated periods; but should I find myself warmed by the sun of public patronage, and feel my fancy free to expatiate in

WQR 19FEB'36

a happy vein, I shall, as soon as the materials are sufficiently accumulated, again embody them, and give them to the world.

If I mistake not, we are indebted to our distinguished fellow citizen, Irving, (a man, whom his country should be proud to honour, and who so becomingly discharges the functions of minister plenipotentiary of American taste and genius in the literary republics of Europe,) for the plan of combining elegant essays, and pleasing narratives, in numbers, which do not issue from the overdrawn fountains of monthly and quarterly literature, but roll on in vigorous fulness, when the burdened spirit lets loose its overflowings. In his own native land, he has found his imitators springing up around him, like meadow flowers around our proudest lily;* and although we have seen none on whom his entire mantle has fallen, yet the Idle Man has added one improvement, by winding up his numbers with the sweet touches of the gentle harp of Green River.

* *Lilium Superbum.*

I have ventured to invert the order, and to place, in the front rank,

> "Words that move
> In measur'd file, and metrical array."

This is indeed quite a modification of the experiment, and it remains to be learned how the public will tolerate a periodical poet, who, like the wandering minstrel of old, will take them in his round at certain seasons, and demand for his airy, unsubstantial offerings, a *quantum sufficit* of more tangible existences. I can plead, in my defence, the examples of the German bards, Kotzebue, Lessing, and Burger; but these Germans are a visionary race, who love to wander in the regions of mysticism and singularity,—and are therefore not to be pleaded, by the dweller in a country so enlightened and business-like as ours. I would not indeed wish to split hairs with Kant, nor dream of his possible transcendentalisms; nor would I seal the fate of a luckless wight by the unfortunate swell of his cranium; nor revel among the caverns and churchyards, the ghosts and

may hereafter be the subject of a regular essay. At present I will only observe, that I may very possibly, and even probably fail in my efforts at the *ideal;* and while soaring on feeble wings too near the warmth and brightness of greater spirits, may find myself, at the end of my excursion, fallen below the common level of existence.

Sed virtus tentasse bonum.

CLIO.

SONNET.

Come forth, fair waters, from the classic spring,
  And let me quaff your nectar, that my soul
May lift itself upon a bolder wing,
  And spurn awhile this being's base control.

How many a cup of inspiration stole
  The bards from out thy sparkling well, and sung
Strains high, and worthy of the kindling bowl,
  Till all Aonia and Hesperia rung.—

And on the green isles of the ocean sprung
  A wilder race of minstrels, like the storm,
Which beats their rocky bulwarks; there they strung
  A louder harp, and show'd a prouder form;
And sending o'er the sea their song, our shore
Shall catch the sound, and silent sleep no more.

may hereafter be the subject of a regular essay. At present I will only observe, that I may very possibly, and even probably fail in my efforts at the *ideal;* and while soaring on feeble wings too near the warmth and brightness of greater spirits, may find myself, at the end of my excursion, fallen below the common level of existence.

Sed virtus tentasse bonum.

CLIO.

SONNET.

Come forth, fair waters, from the classic spring,
  And let me quaff your nectar, that my soul
May lift itself upon a bolder wing,
  And spurn awhile this being's base control.

How many a cup of inspiration stole
  The bards from out thy sparkling well, and sung
Strains high, and worthy of the kindling bowl,
  Till all Aonia and Hesperia rung.—

And on the green isles of the ocean sprung
  A wilder race of minstrels, like the storm,
Which beats their rocky bulwarks; there they strung
  A louder harp, and show'd a prouder form;
And sending o'er the sea their song, our shore
Shall catch the sound, and silent sleep no more.

LIBERTY TO ATHENS. ODE.

The flag of freedom floats once more
  Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as wav'd the palm of yore,
  In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
  Pours down its light around those tow'rs,
And once again the Greeks arise,
  As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
  Minerva's sacred hill is free—
O! may she keep her equal laws,
  While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
  The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
  Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among her ruins low—
  Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And crush'd and bruis'd by many a blow,
  She cow'r'd beneath her savage foes;
But now again she springs from earth,
  Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
  And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—
  Their servile years have roll'd away;
The clouds that hover'd o'er them flee,
  They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From heaven the golden light descends,
  The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
  And beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
  Are all in triumph's pomp array'd;
A light that points their tyrants' graves,
  Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
  Where wisdom held her pure abode:
The hill of Mars, where light divine
  Proclaim'd the true, but unknown God;
Where justice held unyielding sway,
  And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way
  To reach at truth's unfading crown:
The rock, where liberty was full,
  Where eloquence her torrents roll'd,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
  A knell the patriot's fury toll'd:
The stage, whereon the drama spake,
  In tones, that seem'd the words of heav'n,
Which made the wretch in terror shake,
  As by avenging furies driv'n:

The groves and gardens, where the fire
  Of wisdom, as a fountain, burn'd,
And every eye, that dar'd aspire
  To truth, has long in worship turn'd:
The halls and porticoes, where trod
  The moral sage, severe, unstain'd,
And where the intellectual God
  In all the light of science reign'd:
The schools, where rose in symmetry
  The simple, but majestic pile,
Where marble threw its roughness by,
  To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
Where colours made the canvass live,
  Where musick roll'd her flood along,
And all the charms, that art can give,
  Were blent with beauty, love, and song:
The port, from whose capacious womb
  Her navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
  To all, who would not kiss her rod:
On these a dawn of glory springs,
  These trophies of her brightest fame;
Away the long-chain'd city flings
  Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
Again her ancient souls awake,
  Harmodius bares anew his sword;
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
  And freedom is their only lord.

THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Now launch the boat upon the wave—
The wind is blowing off the shore—
I will not live, a cow'ring slave,
In these polluted islands, more—
Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,
And out to sea the streamers fly—
My music is the dashing roar,
My canopy the stainless sky—
It bends above so fair a blue,
That heav'n seems opening on my view.

I will not live, a cow'ring slave,
Though all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave
And sky be drawn in tints divine—
Give low'ring skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.

Sweeter, than spicy gales, that blow
From orange groves with wooing breath,
The winds may from these islands flow—
But 'tis an atmosphere of death;
The lotus, which transform'd the brave
And haughty to a willing slave.

Softer, than Minder's winding stream,
The wave may ripple on this coast;
And brighter, than the morning beam,
In golden swell, be round it tost—
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So pow'r can never threat me more.

Brighter, than all the tales, they tell
Of eastern pomp and pageantry,
Our sunset skies in glory swell,
Hung round with glowing tapestry—
The horrors of a wintry storm
Swell brighter o'er a freeman's form.

The spring may here with autumn twine,
And both combin'd may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flow'rs and racy wine
In frosted clusters still be near—
Dearer the wild and snowy hills,
Where hale and ruddy freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
And ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
There is a better home for me,
A welcomer and dearer shore;
There hands, and hearts, and souls, are twin'd,
And free the man, and free the mind.

THE SENATE OF CALLIMACHI. ODE.

In Callimachi's halls are met
  The chieftains of a noble line;
The fathers' spirit lingers yet,
  To aid them in their high design;
The spirit, that, in ancient days,
  Call'd forth the boldest Spartan band,
With their own shields and breasts to raise
  A living bulwark round their land.

The sound, that erst in Hellas rang,
  When war his brazen trumpet blew,
When shields return'd the hollow clang,
  And ready feet to battle flew;
That sound, in Sparta's vale is rais'd;
  The Turkish bar and bolt are riven;
The fire, that erst on Œta blaz'd,
  In bolder eddies curls to heaven.

That flame o'er Spartan valour burn'd,
  The brave three-hundred's funeral pyre!
Though now in Grecian earth inurn'd,
  Their fame shall Grecian hearts inspire;
It blazes on the sacred rock,
  It flashes o'er the hallow'd glen;
Advance, ye Greeks! and breast the shock,
  And show the world, ye still are men.

The sons of sires, who knew no fear,
  When threat'ning foemen scal'd their walls,
The light shall see, the sound shall hear,
  And throng to Callimachi's halls:
The altar of their country burns;
  They pledge their oath to liberty;
Their fathers answer from their urns,
  "Be like us, sons, and ye are free."

On old Messene's soil are met
  The sons of Aristomenes;
Your ancient wrongs and feuds forget
  In wrongs so foul, so deep, as these:
A new Aristodemus flings
  His iron gauntlet on the foe;
At once, a nation's valour springs
  To deal the liberating blow.

Who would not glow in such a cause?
  Who—not exult in such a name?
Blest be the sword, each Maynote draws
  To lop away his bonds and shame:
The fire is kindled in his soul;
  The spirit flashes in his eye;
A nation's blended voices roll
  The vow of freedom to the sky.

Leap from your tombs, ye men, who stood
  At Pylæ, and at Marathon;
The sire shall find his boiling blood
  Throb in the bosom of his son:

Haste, demi-gods! with shield and spear,
  And hover o'er the coming fight;
O! let the rocks of Sparta hear
  The gathering word, "Unite! unite!"

ODE TO FREEDOM.

Spirit of the days of old!
Ere the generous heart grew cold;
When the pulse of life was strong,
And the breath of vengeance long;
When, with jealous sense, the heart
Felt the least indignant smart;
When, alive at every pore,
Honour no injustice bore,
But, like lions on their prey,
Sprang, and wash'd the stain away;
When the patriot's blood was shed
At the shrine, where valour bled;
When the bard, with kindling song,
Rous'd them to avenge their wrong;
When the thought of insult, deep
In the heart, could never sleep,
But, though cherish'd many a day,
Still, at last, it burst its way,
Rolling with impetuous tide,
Till the foeman crouch'd or died.

Spirit of the days of yore!
When the lofty hero bore,
On his brow, and on his crest,
Signs of thought, that could not rest;
When the eager, active soul,
Spurn'd, and broke through all control,
Nature was his only rule,
Feeling taught his only school;
When his vigorous frame was nurs'd,
By no arts, that poison, curs'd;
When his heart was firm to will,
And his hand was strong to kill;
When he sternly struggled through
All, that he resolved to do;
When he reck'd not, if his path
Smil'd in peace, or frown'd in wrath;
When he started at the call,
Country gave, and left his all,
Onward trod to front the foe,
Nerv'd to deal the deadly blow;
When the fight, to him, was play;
When he car'd not, if his way
Led to victory, or the grave—
Either fate becomes the brave:
Days of strength gigantic! fled,
Valour sleeps, and fame is dead.

Spirit of the bold and free!
Mountain breath of liberty;

Parent of a hardy breed,
Fiery as the Arab steed;
Master of the mighty charm;
Knitter of the brawny arm,
Of the knee that cannot kneel,
Heart of oak, and nerve of steel;
Ruler of the craggy wild;
On a throne of granite pil'd,
Like a giant altar, thou
Biddest all, who love thee, bow,
Bend the neck, and fold the knee,
To no conqueror, but thee;
In that hold thou bidst them wait,
Till some proud, ambitious state,
Marching in the pómp of war,
Spread its flaunting banner far,
And with high and threat'ning breath,
Call to slavery, or death;
Then thou bidst them gird the brand,
Plant the foot, and raise the hand,
Draw the panting nostril wide,
And with stern and stately stride,
Forward, like the eagle's wing,
On the proud invader spring,
And in one resistless rush,
All his pow'r and splendour crush.

Spirit of the great and good!
Such as, in Athenæ, stood,

Stern in justice, on the rock,
Moveless at the people's shock,
And when civil tempest rag'd,
And intestine war was wag'd,
With serene, but awful sway,
Roll'd the madd'ning tide away:
Such as met at Pylæ's wall,
Ere that glorious freedom's fall—
When the life of Greece was young,
Like the sun from ocean sprung,
And the warm and lifted soul
Marching onward to its goal:
Such as at those holy gates,
Bulwark of the banded states,
With the hireling Persian strove,
In the high and ardent love,
Souls that cannot stoop to shame,
Bear to freedom's sacred name:
Such as with the Saxon flew,
Ever to their country true,
From the rock, the wood, the fen,
From the cavern and the den,
Eager to the field of fight,
Like a cloud that comes by night,
Tore away, at once, the chain
Fasten'd by the robber Dane,
Drove him headlong from that shore,
And embalm'd his host in gore;
Then secur'd their country's cause,
With a bond of equal laws,

And bequeath'd the sacred trust,
When their bones should fall in dust,
To that island race, who bear
Light, and warmth, and glory, where
Ocean's unchain'd billows roll
From the mid-day to the pole;
And to that more daring shoot,
Bent with flow'rs, and promis'd fruit,
Who have dar'd, beyond the sea,
To assert their liberty,
Who, upon the forted hill,
Brav'd a tyrant father's will,
Down the bloody gauntlet threw,
Grasp'd and snapp'd the links in two,
And unshackled ventur'd forth,
Noblest of the sons of earth.

Spirit of the stirring blood,
Rolling in an even flood
Through the hale and ruddy cheek;
Scorner of the pale and weak,
Who in festering cities crawl,
Victims of a sordid thrall,
And for ever draw their breath,
Lingering on the brink of death:
But to thee the giant limb,
Strong to leap, to run, to swim,
Strong to guide the plough or brand,
Guard, or free, or till their land;

But to thee the godlike frame,
Such as puts our dwarfs to shame,
Firm, erect, and fair, as first
Adam from his Maker burst,
And exulting leap'd to see
His angelic symmetry;
But to thee the eagle eye,
Lifted to its parent sky,
Drinking in the living stream,
And again, with ardent beam,
Sending all its fires abroad,
Like the language of a god;
But to thee the mighty brow,
Fix'd to dare, unus'd to bow,
Now in placid kindness bright,
Like a rock in evening's light,
Then with anger's wrinkled frown,
Gather'd eyebrows low'ring down,
Awful, as the storm, whose fold
Round a column'd Alp is roll'd;
But to thee the mind of fire,
Toil can never damp, or tire,
Glancing, like a sun-beam, through
Nature with a spirit's view,
And from out its choicest store,
In its fulness flowing o'er,
Sending, like a bolt, the flow
Of thought upon the crowd below.

Healthful Spirit! at this hour,
There are haunts, where thou hast pow'r,
Haunts, where thou shalt ever be,
As thou ever hast been, free;
Where the stream of life is led
Stainless in its virgin bed,
And its magic fire is still
Blazing on its holy hill.
There are mountains, there are storms,
Where thou feed'st thy hives and swarms,
Whence thou send'st them, to restore
Virtue, where it dwells no more;
Safe in those embattled rocks,
Life its native vigour locks,
And its kindling energy
Lives, and moves, and feels in thee;
In those bulwarks is our trust,
For the boundless pow'r is just,
Nor wilt thou, from earth, arise,
Link'd with justice, to the skies,
But below, with mercy, dwell,
Till the world shall hear its knell.

Spirit of Freedom! who thy home hast made
In wilds and wastes, where wealth has never trod,
Nor bow'd her coward head before her god,
The sordid deity of fraudful trade;

Where pow'r has never rear'd his iron brow,
And glar'd his glance of terror, nor has blown
The madd'ning trump of battle, nor has flown
His blood-thirst eagles; where no flatt'rers bow,
And kiss the foot that spurns them; where no throne,
Bright with the spoils from nations wrested, tow'rs,
The idol of a slavish mob, who herd,
Where largess feeds their sloth with golden show'rs,
And thousands hang upon one tyrant's word—

Spirit of Freedom! thou, who dwell'st alone,
Unblench'd, unyielding, on the storm-beat shore,
And find'st a stirring music in its roar,
And look'st abroad on earth and sea, thy own—
Far from the city's noxious hold, thy foot,
Fleet as the wild deer, bounds, as if its breath
Were but the rankest, foulest steam of death;
Its soil were but the dunghill, where the root
Of every pois'nous weed and baleful tree
Grew vigorously and deeply, till their shade
Had chok'd and kill'd each wholesome plant, and laid
In rottenness the flow'r of Liberty—

Thou flyest to the desert, and its sands
Become thy welcome shelter, where the pure
Wind gives its freshness to thy roving bands,
And languid weakness finds its only cure;
Where few their wants, and bounded their desires,
And life all spring and action, they display
Man's boldest flights, and highest, warmest fires,
And beauty wears her loveliest array—

Thou climb'st the mountain's crag, and with the snows
  Dwell'st high above the slothful plains; the rock
  Thy iron bed; the avalanche's shock
Thou sternly breastest: hunger, cold and toil
Harden thy steel'd nerves, till the frozen soil,
  The gnarled oak, the torrent, as it flows
In thunder down its gulph, are not more rude,
  More hardy, more resistless, than thy force,
  When wak'd to madness, in thy headlong course,
Thou rushest from thy wintry solitude,
  And sweepest frighted nations on thy path,
  A whirlwind in the fury of thy wrath,
And with one curl of thy indignant frown,
Castest the pride of plumed warriors down,
  And bear'st them onward, like the storm-fill'd wave,
  In mingled ruin to their bloody grave.—

Spirit of Freedom! I would with thee dwell,
  Whether on Afric's sand, or Norway's crags,
Or Kansa's prairies, for thou lov'st them well,
  And there thy boldest daring never flags;
Or I would launch with thee upon the deep,
  And like the petrel make the wave my home,
  And careless, as the sportive sea-bird, roam;
Or with the chamois, on the Alp would leap,
  And feel myself, upon the snow-clad height,
  A portion of that undimm'd flow of light,
No mist nor cloud can darken—O! with thee,
  Spirit of freedom! deserts, mountains, storms,
  Would wear a glow of beauty, and their forms

Would soften into loveliness, and be
Dearest of earth, for there my soul is free.

NEW-ENGLAND.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here—our unchain'd feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;
With hearts unbent, high, steady, brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils, as meaner souls had quell'd;
But souls like these, such toils impell'd
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height;
And fearless stemm'd the invading flood,

And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight:
O! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For ev'n our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of liberty
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppress'd:
All, who the wreath of freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,

And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
    And storm our land:
They still shall find, our lives are giv'n
To die for home;—and leant on heav'n
    Our hand.

NAVAL ODE.

Our walls are on the sea,
    And they ride along the wave,
Mann'd with sailors bold and free,
    And the lofty and the brave
Hoist their flag to the sport of the gale;
With an even march they sweep
O'er the bosom of the deep,
And their order trimly keep,
    As they sail.

Though so gallantly we ride,
    Yet we do not seek the fight;
We have justice on our side,
    And we battle in our right,
For our homes, and our altars, and sires:
Then we kindle in our cause,
And awhile a solemn pause—
When the cannon's iron jaws
    Spout their fires.

We abhor the waste of life,
And the massacre of war;
We detest the brutal strife
In the van of glory's car;
But we never will shrink from the foe:
This, when battle's lightning runs
Through his horror-speaking guns,
And his brazen thunder stuns,
He shall know.

We have met them on the deep,
With Decatur and with Hull,
Where our fallen comrades sleep
In their glory's proudest full;
For our homes we will meet them again:
Let their boasted navies frown,
As they proudly bear them down;
We will conquer, burn, or drown,
On the main.

We, too, have hearts of oak,
And the hour of strife may come,
With its hurricane of smoke,
Hissing ball and bursting bomb,
And the death-shot may launch through our crew;
But our spirits feel no dread,
And we bear our ship ahead,
For we know that honour's bed
Is our due.

Then come on, ye gallant tars!
With your matches in your hand,
And parade beneath our stars
With a free and noble stand,
As you wait for the moment of death:
Hark the word—the foe is nigh,
And at once their war-dogs fly,
But with bosoms throbbing high,
Yield your breath.

Do your duty, gallant boys!
And you homeward shall return
To partake your country's joys,
When the lights of triumph burn,
And the warm toast is drank to the brave;
Then, when country calls again,
Be your march along the main,
And in glory spread her reign
O'er the wave.

A PLATONIC BACCHANAL SONG.

Fill high the bowl of life for me—
Let roses mantle round its brim,
While heart is warm, and thought is free,
Ere beauty's light is waning dim—
Fill high with brightest draughts of soul,
And let it flow with feeling o'er,

And love, the sparkling cup, he stole
  From heav'n, to give it briskness, pour.
O! fill the bowl of life for me,
  And wreath its dripping brim with flow'rs,
And I will drink, as lightly flee
  Our early, unreturning hours.

Fill high the bowl of life with wine,
  That swell'd the grape of Eden's grove,
Ere human life, in its decline,
  Had strow'd with thorns the path of love—
Fill high from virtue's crystal fount,
  That springs beneath the throne of heav'n,
And sparkles brightly o'er the mount,
  From which our fallen souls were driven.
O! fill the bowl of life with wine,
  The wine, that charm'd the gods above,
And round its brim a garland twine,
  That blossom'd in the bow'r of love.

Fill high the bowl of life with spirit,
  Drawn from the living sun of soul,
And let the wing of genius bear it,
  Deep-glowing, like a kindled coal—
Fill high from that ethereal treasure,
  And let me quaff the flowing fire,
And know awhile the boundless pleasure,
  That heaven-lit fancy can inspire.
O! fill the bowl of life with spirit,
  And give it brimming o'er to me,

And as I quaff, I seem to inherit
  The glow of immortality.

Fill high the bowl of life with thought
  From that unfathomable well,
Which sages long and long have sought
  To sound, but none its depths can tell—
Fill high from that dark stainless wave,
  Which mounts and flows for ever on,
And rising proudly o'er the grave,
  There finds its noblest course begun.
O! fill the bowl of life with thought,
  And I will drink the bumper up,
And find, whate'er my wish had sought,
  In that, the purest, sweetest cup.

  Here 's to her, who wore
The myrtle wreath, that bound me;
  Here 's to her, who bore
The twine of bay, that crown'd me—
  O! had not her light
So brightly shone upon me,
  Still the cloud of night
Had darkly brooded on me;
  There was in her eye
A spirit, that inspir'd me;
  Still to do or die,
The electric sparkle fir'd me;

And though the ice of death
Should chill the heart within me,
The music of her breath
Back to life again would win me;
So here 's to her, who wore
The myrtle wreath, that bound me;
The girl, who kindly bore
The twine of bay, that crown'd me.

No more the iron chain
Of doubt and fear enthrals me;
I lift my wing again,
For 'tis her voice that calls me;
Still higher, higher still,
In search of glory soaring,
I feel my bosom thrill
To the song her voice is pouring;
And though I stretch my flight,
Where heav'n alone is o'er me,
I see her form of light
Still floating on before me:
O! when foes the direst move
In columns to assail us,
Let us hear the voice of love,
And our courage cannot fail us:
So here 's to her, &c.

And when my drowsy soul
A heedless moment slumbers,

Away the vapours roll
At the magic of her numbers;
Back to life again I start,
At her thrilling summons waking,
Ev'ry link, that bound my heart
Down to earth, indignant breaking;
Then I follow, where she flies,
Like a shooting star, before me,
And her fascinating eyes
Shed their fire in flashes o'er me:
O! cold the heart, could sleep,
When her silver trumpet call'd it,
And the soul, that would not leap,
When her flow'ry chain enthrall'd it:
So here 's to her, who wore
The myrtle wreath, that bound me;
The girl, who kindly bore
The twine of bay, that crown'd me.

Thou art endear'd to me by all
The ties of kindred minds,
And thou hast twin'd my heart in all
The chains that beauty binds;
The man, who could deceive thee,
And when the prize was won,
Could ruin, scorn, and leave thee,
Must have a heart of stone.

For but one look of kindness giv'n
By thee, my heart would brave
The coldest, darkest frowns of heav'n,
The terrors of the grave:
O! death cannot affright me,
When thou art smiling by;
I ask no star to light me,
But the sparkle of thine eye.

But all thy bloom and loveliness
How soon will fade away!
Thy beauty and thy comeliness
Will moulder into clay:
O! when thy charms have taken wing,
And all thy light is gone,
How fondly still my heart would cling
To thee, and thee alone!

CONSUMPTION.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's* garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,

* Biferique rosaria Pæsti.—*Virg.*

When all, that was bright and fair, is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,

Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast:
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter pow'r;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes, at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fall'n snow;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honour the sun at his golden set:

O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss;
So, fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last fond, lingering look is giv'n
To the love she leaves, and then to heav'n,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

TO THE HOUSTONIA CERULEA.*

How often, modest flower!
I mark thy tender blossoms, where they spread,

* A very delicate and humble flower of New-England, blossoming early in spring, and often covering large patches of turf with a white or pale blue carpet. The botanical allusions in this piece are repeated, and perhaps it will not be fully relished by those, who have not examined the structure of the flower.

Along the turfy slope, their starry bed,
  Hung heavy with the shower.

  Thou comest in the dawn
Of nature's promise, when the sod of May
Is speckled with its earliest array;
  And strow'st with bloom the lawn.

  'Tis but a few brief days,
I saw the green hill in its fold of snow;
But now thy slender stems arise, and blow
  In April's fitful rays.

  I love thee, delicate
And humble, as thou art; thy dress of white,
And blue, and all the tints where these unite,
  Or wrapp'd in spiral plait,

  Or to the glancing sun,
Shining through chequer'd cloud, and dewy shower,
Unfolding thy fair cross.—Yes, tender flower,
  Thy blended colours run,

  And meet in harmony,
Commingling, like the rainbow tints; thy urn
Of yellow rises with its graceful turn,
  And as a golden eye,

  Its softly swelling throat
Shines in the centre of thy circle, where

Thy downy stigma rises slim and fair,
  And catches, as they float,

  A cloud of living air,
The atom seeds of fertilizing dust,
That hover, as thy lurking anthers burst;
  And O! how purely there

  Thy snowy circle, ray'd
With crosslets, bends its pearly whiteness round,
And how thy spreading lips are trimly bound,
  With such a mellow shade,

  As in the vaulted blue,
Deepens at starry midnight, or grows pale,
When mantled in the full moon's silver veil,
  That calm ethereal hue.

  I love thee, modest flower!
And I do find it happiness to tread,
With careful step, along thy studded bed,
  At morning's freshest hour,

  Or when the day declines,
And evening comes with dewy footsteps on,
And now his golden hall of slumber won,
  The setting sun resigns

  His empire of the sky,
And the cool breeze awakes her fluttering train—

I walk through thy parterres, and not in vain,
For to my downward eye,

Sweet flower! thou tell'st how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf, as low
And humble as thy stem, will surely know
The joy, that peace imparts.

THE FRENCHMAN'S DARLING.*

The rose may sparkle in the morn
And blush and brighten on its thorn;
The gaudy tulip proudly spread
Its glories o'er the enamell'd bed;
The iris imitate the bow,
That sunbeams on a tempest throw;
All these may shine around—but yet
I love my darling mignonette.

I ask no deep-encrimson'd flow'r
From India's never fading bow'r;
No lotus,† where it closely weaves
The Ganges with its azure leaves;
I ask no pensive bud of woe,‡
That gives the night its wreath of snow;

* Reseda Odorata—the Mignonette.
† Nymphea Cerulea—the Sacred Lotus.
‡ Nyctanthes Arbor-tristis—Night Jessamine.

All these may have a charm—but yet
Thy charm is more, sweet mignonette.

No lily,* that with gold-speck'd urn
Seems like a chandelier to burn,
Where wide Savanna's waters flow
Beneath a forest bow'r of snow;†
No palm with bending tufts of fire,
No spic'd vanilla I desire;
These you may fondly twine—but yet
I fondlier twine my mignonette.

The Scot may love his thistle down,
Its prickly leaves, and purple crown;
And Erin on her shamrock smile,
The beauty of her emerald isle;
The holly twine its glossy braid,
A starry wreath for Albion's head:
We love the modest *violette*,‡
And dearer still the *mignonette*.

* Lilium Superbum.

† Magnolia Grandiflora.

‡ Viola Tricolor—the Pansy Violet.—The flower of Napoleon.

A TULIP blossom'd, one morning in May,
By the side of a sanded alley;
Its leaves were dress'd in a rich array,
Like the clouds at the earliest dawn of day,
When the mist rolls over the valley:
The dew had descended the night before,
And lay in its velvet bosom,
And its spreading urn was flowing o'er,
And the crystal heighten'd the tints, it bore
On its yellow and crimson blossom.

A sweet red-rose, on its bending thorn,
Its bud was newly spreading,
And the flowing effulgence of early morn
Its beams on its breast was shedding;
The petals were heavy with dripping tears,
That twinkled in pearly brightness,
And the thrush in its covert thrill'd my ears
With a varied song of lightness.

A lily, in mantle of purest snow,
Hung over a silent fountain,
And the wave in its calm and quiet flow,
Display'd its silken leaves below,
Like the drift on the windy mountain;
It bow'd with the moisture, the night had wept,
When the stars shone over the billow,
And white-wing'd spirits their vigils kept,
Where beauty and innocence sweetly slept
On its pure and thornless pillow.

A hyacinth lifted its purple bell
  From the slender leaves around it;
It curv'd its cup in a flowing swell,
  And a starry circle crown'd it;
The deep blue tincture, that rob'd it, seem'd
  The gloomiest garb of sorrow,
As if on its eye no brightness beam'd,
And it never in clearer moments dream'd,
  Of a fair and a calm to-morrow.

A daisy peep'd from the tufted sod,
  In its bashful modesty drooping;
Where often the morn, as I lightly trod,
In bounding youth, the fallow clod,
  Had over it seen me stooping;
It look'd in my face with a dewy eye
  From its ring of ruby lashes,
And it seem'd, that a brighter was lurking by,
The fires of whose ebony lustre fly,
  Like summer's dazzling flashes.

And the wind, with a soft and silent wing,
  Brush'd over this wild of flowers,
And it waken'd the birds, who began to sing
Their hymn to the season of love and spring,
  In the shade of the bending bowers;
And it cull'd their full nectareous store,
  In its lightly fluttering motion,
As when from Hybla's murmuring shore
The evening breeze from her thyme-beds bore
  Their sweetness over the ocean.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
  Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturb'd it not,
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
  With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom,
  When the day was dark and chill;
It smil'd, like a star, in the misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
  Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
  And I watch'd it many a day;
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then droop'd and fell,
  And the flower had flown away.

I look'd where the leaves were laid,
  In withering paleness, by;
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet and blooming maid,
  Who will soon as dimly die.

ADIEU! fair flow'r, though frail:
  I gaz'd on thee awhile,
  And thought I saw thee smile,
And woo the passing gale;

And thou didst shine, the while,
  In early beauty bright,
  And in thy maiden light
Who would have dream'd of guile?
The canker-worm will blight
  Thy colours, now so gay,
  And they will pass away,
Like drops that fall by night,
Before the eye of day:
  It nestles in thy core,
  And thou wilt charm no more
The winds that round thee play;
But all thy sweetness o'er,
  Thy leaves will droop and fall,
  And darkness spread its pall
Where all was bright before.—
And when thy beauty all
  Has faded, they will turn
  Away, and coldly spurn
Thy love, and thou wilt call
Unnotic'd, and wilt mourn,
  That in the flush of spring,
  When hope was on the wing,
And virtue, from her urn,
Her choicest dews might fling,
  And drop her richest wave,
  That thou didst dig thy grave,
And barb, for death, a sting.

How beautiful is Night!
  A smile is on her brow;
Her eyes of dewy light
Look out, serenely bright,
  Upon the wave below:
  The waters, in their flow,
Just murmur, and the air
  Hath scarce a breath to show
A spirit moving there:
The world is purely fair;
  The winds are hush'd and still;
  The moonlight on the hill
Is sleeping, and her ray
  Along the falling rill,
In lightly dancing play,
Soft-winding steals away:
  A cool and silent breath,
From water-falls and streams,
Comes o'er my ear, like dreams,
  Which, in the pictur'd death
Of slumber, on the soul
Delicious whispers roll;
  And lead, in mazy light,
Before the spirit's eye,
  Sweet visions of delight,
In trains of beauty, by.—
How fair and calm is Night!
  Amid the dewy bow'rs

She guides the silent hours,
With fairy steps, along,
And round the floating throng
A cloudy vesture throws;
And loosely on the air
She spreads their raven hair
To every wind that blows:
They seem to hover by
Between me and the sky,
Each with a golden zone,
A waving robe of snow,
A veil, whose folds are thrown
In undulating flow,
Like clouds, when breezes blow:
So to my fancy's view
The sylphid people play
Around the vaulted blue,
And then they melt away,
And leave the sky all bright,
With lamps of living light;
And as I fondly gaze,
Where countless cressets blaze,
I look to heav'n and say—
How beautiful is Night!

Often, when at night delaying,
Where the winding river flows,
On the silent waters playing
How the star of beauty glows;

In the clear wave brightly sparkling,
  Brightly as the love-lit eye,
Now again its beams are darkling,
  As the clouds athwart it fly:
With a soft and tender feeling
  Then I whisper out my song,
While the mellow brook is stealing
  Silently the sand along.

There is in that twinkling planet
  More than all the stars can boast,
And my fond eye loves to scan it,
  Like a light-house on a coast,
Where the budding spring is ever
  Pranking out her wooing bowers,
And the locks of beauty never
  Float without a crown of flowers,
And her eye is ever straying
  Round and round with kindling beam,
Like her own bright planet playing
  Sweetly on the silent stream.

Now the star is near the mountain
  Slowly setting in the west,
Shining on a crisping fountain,
  Or a lakelet's ruffled breast;
Now its maiden brightness mingles
  With the mist that hovers there,
Rising from the woody dingles,
  Like a streaming tress of hair;

Now a form is imag'd round it,
  'Tis the form that I adore,
Every charm of earth has crown'd it,
  Fairer beauty never wore:
O! how dear that tender feeling,
  When the rays of beauty play,
Where the mellow brook is stealing,
  Lighted by the moon, away.

We met in cheerless hours, my dear,
  When life had wan'd with me,
And all, that once had charm'd me here,
Was gone, but only thee, my dear,
  Was gone, but only thee.

I lov'd thee with the glow of youth,
  But with a purer flame;
I vow'd, before the shrine of truth,
To be, for aye, the same, my dear,
  To be, for aye, the same.

For youthful passion soon decays,
  It flashes and it dies;
But my fond feeling shone with rays,
That kindle in the skies, my dear,
  That kindle in the skies.

Thou wert too young to read my heart,
  Or love the spirit's light;

Thou saidst, "Gay boyhood can impart
A pleasure doubly bright, my dear,
A pleasure doubly bright."

It was the fondness of the eye,
That led thy heart away;
And not the hues, that deeper lie,
Than boyhood bright and gay, my dear,
Than boyhood bright and gay.

So farewell, love, for dear to me
Thy heart shall be for ever;
And though I cannot live with thee,
O! I'll forget thee never, dear,
O! I'll forget thee never.

O! LOVE was made to mourn,
Its home is not below;
While in this being's bourn,
It still must weep in woe,

Its home is in the skies;
A wanderer with men,
It turns its longing eyes
To find that home again.

But there are forms so bright,
So fair, they seem its own;
They glow, like stars at night,
When clouds away have flown.

And there we fondly turn,
  And think, that love's pure fire
Will ever brightly burn,
  The spirit's vestal pyre.

But O! how short the light,
  How soon it fades away;
And all our heart's delight,
  Enchantments—where are they?

The glow, the bloom, are fled,
  O! never to return;
And hope to heav'n has sped,
  For love was made to mourn.

SONG.

O! PURE is the wind,
  As it blows o'er the mountain;
And clear is the wave,
  As it flows from the fountain;
And sweet are the flowers
  In the green meadow blooming;
And gay are the bowers,
  When the soft air perfuming.
    O! go, dearest, go
  To the heath, and the mountain,
    Where the blue violets blow
  On the brink of the fountain;

Where nothing, but death,
Our affection can sever;
And till life's latest breath
Love shall bind us for ever.

O! bright is the morn,
When it breaks on the valley;
And shrill is the horn,
When the wild huntsmen sally;
And clear shines the dew,
As the hounds hurry o'er it;
And light blows the wind,
As the sail flies before it.
O! go, dearest, go, &c.

O! soft is the mist,
When it curls round the island;
And dark is the cloud,
As it hangs on the highland;
And sweet chimes the rill,
O'er the white pebble flowing;
And quick glides the boat
O'er the smooth water rowing.
O! go, dearest, go, &c.

O! fleet is the deer
Through the blue heather springing;
And loud is the shout
Through the wild valley ringing;

And soft is the flute
  O'er the lake faintly sighing,
When the wide air is mute,
  And the night-wind is dying.
    O! go, dearest, go, &c.

O! go, dearest, go
  To the heath and the mountain;
Where the heart shall be pure,
  As the clear-flowing fountain;
Where the soul shall be free,
  As the winds, that blow o'er us;
And the sunset of life
  Smile in beauty before us.
    O! go, dearest, go
  To the heath, and the mountain,
    Where the blue violets blow
  On the brink of the fountain;
    Where nothing, but death,
  Our affection can sever;
    And till life's latest breath
  Love shall bind us for ever.

Translation of the Latin Ode in the Boston Prize Book, No. 2.
"VER," by E. J. Loring.

WINTER now has flown away,
  And the snow has left the hills;

Spring, with cheek all flush'd and gay,
  Now her urn with fragrance fills.

Now the ploughman's heart is high,
  As he drives his team along,
Turning every furrow by
  To the melody of song.

Now the meadow laughs with flow'rs,
  And the woods a balsam pour;
Zephyrs breathe through rosy bow'rs,
  Where they nod along the shore.

Now the brook, that lately stole
  Murmuring in an icy chain,
Freshens, as its waters roll,
  With sweet waves, the grassy plain.

Now the pastur'd bullocks drink,
  Where full rivers kiss their brim;
And where poplars crown the brink,
  Rustic flutes and voices hymn.

Now the girls, in festal glee,
  Garlanded with roses, play;
Gathering blossoms, like the bee,
  Light they sport the summer day.

When she thus, on Enna's plain,
  Crown'd with myrtle, chanc'd to rove,

Pluto, from her frighted train,
  Stole the idol of his love.

Fairest Spring! at thy return,
  Meadows breathe the balm of flow'rs,
And the wheels of day's god burn
  Brightest in the train of hours.

THE SABBATH. A SAPPHIC.

SWEET is the morning, when the Sabbath-day dawns,
And earth and sky spread lovelier before me;
When not a breath stirs, in its whispering motion,
  Garden or forest,
Which does not seem to partake in the holy
Peace of the pure hearts, where passion slumbers,
Care is compos'd, and the thoughts all awaken
  Bright with devotion.
Sweeter the lark sings on that sunny morning,
Livelier the wren chirps round the shingled cottage,
Deeper the robin swells his throat, and pours forth
  Hymns to his Maker.
Sweetly the bell sounds far in the distance,
Rising and falling with the winds, and rolling
Over hill and mountain, like the tones, that summon
  Pure souls to heav'n.

Sweet comes the music of the rustic voices,
When in the oak grove, or the low-brow'd temple,
Hymning and praising HIM, whose name is HOLY,
Hearts glow with rapture.
Sweet is the clear tone, where the breath of incense,
Longings of clean hearts, pray'rs by pure lips spoken,
Swell on the light winds, through the arching branches;
Sweet as when organs,
In the dark choir of the lofty vaulted minster,
Pour forth the deep stream of harmony, and roll round
Pillar and altar, fretted roof and tall arch,
Sounds, like the echoes,
Which, in the still night, after storms have beaten
Wild on the roof-tree, round the distant mountains,
Mellow but majestic, send on the sooth'd ear
Calmness and slumber.
Sweet is the Sabbath to the heart, who loves it,
As the day, when heav'n's gates open'd on this dark world,
When the KING OF GLORY, mounted on a bright cloud,
Conquering ascended.

O! HAD I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long,
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song;
O! then I would fly from the cold and the snow,
And hie to the land of the orange and vine,

And carol the winter away in the glow,
  That rolls o'er the ever green bow'rs of the line.

Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,
  Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there, alone;
I would take me a dear little martin to keep
  A sociable flight to the tropical zone:
How cheerily, wing by wing, over the sea
  We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away,
And for ever our song and our twitter should be,
  "To the land where the year is eternally gay."

We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bow'rs,
  And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm,
And live, like the bee, on its fruits and its flow'rs,
  That always are flowing with honey and balm;
And there we would stay, till the winter is o'er,
  And April is chequer'd with sunshine and rain—
O! then we would flit from that far-distant shore
  Over island and wave to our country again.

How light we would skim, where the billows are roll'd
  Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime,
And break on the beaches in surges of gold,
  When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime:
We would touch for a while, as we travers'd the ocean,
  At the islands that echo'd to Waller and Moore,
And winnow our wings with an easier motion
  Through the breath of the cedar that blows from the shore.

And when we had rested our wings, and had fed
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,
We would hurry again to the land of our loves;
And when from the breast of the ocean would spring,
Far off in the distance, that dear native shore,
In the joy of our hearts we would cheerily sing,
"No land is so lovely, when winter is o'er."

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

The sunset is calm on the face of the deep,
And bright is the last look of day in the west,
And broadly the beams of its parting glance sweep,
Like the path that conducts to the land of the blest:
All golden and green is the sea, as it flows
In billows just heaving its tide to the shore;
And crimson and blue is the sky, as it glows
With the colours, which tell us that daylight is o'er.

I sit on a rock, that hangs over the wave,
And the foam heaves and tosses its snow-wreaths below,
And the flakes, gilt with sun-beams, the flowing tide pave,
Like the gems that in gardens of sorcery grow:
I sit on the rock, and I watch the light fade
Still fainter and fainter away in the west,

And I dream, I can catch, through the mantle of shade,
  A glimpse of the dim, distant land of the blest.

And I long for a home in that land of the soul,
  Where hearts always warm glow with friendship and
    love,
And days ever cloudless still cheerily roll,
  Like the age of eternity blazing above:
There, with friendships unbroken, and loves ever true,
  Life flows on, one gay dream of pleasure and rest;
And green is the fresh turf, the sky purely blue,
  That mantle and arch o'er the land of the blest.

The last line of light is now crossing the sea,
  And the first star is lighting its lamp in the sky;
It seems that a sweet voice is calling to me,
  Like a bird on that pathway of brightness to fly:
"Far over the wave is a green sunny isle,
  Where the last cloud of evening now shines in the west;
'Tis the island that spring ever woos with her smile;
  O! seek it—the bright happy land of the blest."

RETROSPECTION.

There are moments in life, which are never forgot,
  Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
  And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day:

These moments are hallow'd by smiles and by tears,
  The first look of love, and the last parting given;
As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, appears,
  And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in heav'n.

There are hours—there are minutes, which memory brings,
  Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;
And as time rushes by on the might of his wings,
  They may darken awhile, but they never depart:
O! these hallow'd remembrances cannot decay,
  But they come on the soul with a magical thrill;
And in days that are darkest, they kindly will stay,
  And the heart, in its last throb, will beat with them still.

They come, like the dawn in its loveliness, now,
  The same look of beauty, that shot to my soul;
The snows of the mountain are bleach'd on her brow,
  And her eyes, in the blue of the firmament, roll:
The roses are dim by her cheek's living bloom,
  And her coral lips part, like the opening of flowers;
She moves through the air in a cloud of perfume,
  Like the wind from the blossoms of jessamine bowers.

From her eye's melting azure there sparkles a flame,
  That kindled my young blood to extacy's glow;
She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same,
  As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody flow:

That touch, as her hand meets and mingles with mine,
  Shoots along to my heart, with electrical thrill;
'Twas a moment, for earth too supremely divine,
  And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling to me still.

We met—and we drank from the crystalline well,
  That flows from the fountain of science above;
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,
  Till we look'd—though we never were talking of love:
We parted—the tear glisten'd bright in her eye,
  And her melting hand shook, as I dropp'd it—for ever;
O! that moment will always be hovering by,
  Life may frown—but its light shall abandon me—
    never.

SILENT she stood before me, in the light
  And majesty of beauty; and her eye
  Was teeming with the visions of her soul—
She stood before me in a veil of white,
  The image of her bosom's purity,
And loveliness envelop'd her, as bright,
  As when, at set of sun, the clouds unroll,
Pavilioning the dusky throne of night.

  There is a spirit in the kindling glance
Of pure and lofty beauty, which doth quell
Each darker passion; and, as heroes fell
  Before the terror of Minerva's lance,

So beauty, arm'd with virtue, bows the soul
With a commanding, but a sweet control,
Making the heart all holiness and love;
And lifting it to worlds that shine above,
Until, subdued, we humbly bend before
The idol of our worship, to adore.

It was the hour of moonlight—and the bells
Had rung their curfew tones, and they were still;
The echo died around the distant hill,
Sinking in faint and fainter falls and swells,
Accordant with the fitful wind, that blew
Over the new-mown meadow, where the dew
Stood twinkling on the closely shaven stems,
Glittering as 'twere a carpet sown with gems;
And from the winding river there arose
A mist, that curl'd in volum'd folds, and gave
A snowy mantle to the stealing wave,
Like that which fancy, love-enchanted, throws
Over the form, it doats on with a feeling
Of most endeared fondness, blind to all,
That is not light and loveliness, concealing
The tints of weakness with a darkest pall:
And as the moon, descending on the cloud,
Gives it a rainbow livery, and hues
All softness and all beauty, so imbues
The fond eye of affection with all charms
The image of its awe: and he is proud,
Aye, prouder than the proudest, when his arms

Around that form of loveliness are flung,
And when those melting eyes are on him hung,
And when those lips are moving in sweet tones,
That tell, whate'er the words be, that she owns
No other for her love—and then the sigh
Struggles within her bosom, and her eye
Is wet with rising tears, and then the smile
Plays sweetly on her parting lips awhile,
And then she hangs upon his arm, and tells,
Her heart how happy—and that fond heart swells
To give its feelings utterance, and she sings
Sweetly, as when the lark at morning springs
From out a dewy thicket, and away
Winnows his easy flight to meet the day;
  And thus their eyes are blended, and they gaze
A moment on each other, and then turn
To where the countless fires of ether burn,
  And look from heav'n with soft and soothing rays;
A moment with uplifted brow they pour
The swelling current of devotion o'er,
And then descending from that upward flight,
Again their eyes in tender looks unite,
Again they speak in under tones, as still
As are the winds that rustle on the hill,
Then side by side in links of fondness prest
Steal silently unto their hallow'd rest.

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
  But yet he comes not—Once it was not so.
  He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
  To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
  Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
I had a husband once, who lov'd me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip;
  But yet, I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
When I could hang for ever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
  Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I lov'd him then—he lov'd me too—My heart
  Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
  Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come, and lay

Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been.

THERE is a spot—a quiet spot, which blooms
On earth's cold, heartless desert—It hath power
To give a sweetness to the darkest hour,
As, in the starless midnight, from the rose,
Now dipp'd in dew, a sweeter perfume flows;
And suddenly the wand'rer's heart assumes
New courage, and he keeps his course along,
Cheering the darkness with a whisper'd song:
At every step a purer, fresher air
Salutes him, and the winds of morning bear
Soft odours from the violet beds and vines;
And thus he wanders, till the dawning shines
Above the misty mountains, and a hue
Of vermeil blushes on the cloudless blue,
Like health disporting on the downy cheek—
It is time's fairest moment—as a dove
Shading the earth with azure wings of love,
The sky broods o'er us, and the cool winds speak
The peace of nature, and the waters fall,
From leap to leap, more sweetly musical,
And, from the cloudy bosom of the vale,
Come, on the dripping pinions of the gale,

The simple melody of early birds
Wooing their mates to love, the low of herds,
And the faint bleating of the new-born lambs
Pursuing, with light-bounding step, their dams;
Again the shepherd's whistle, and the bark,
That shrilly answers to his call; and hark!
As o'er the trees the golden rays appear,
Bursts the last joyous song of chanticlere,
Who moves, in stately pomp, before his train,
Till, from his emerald neck, and burnish'd wings,
The playful light a dazzling beauty flings,
As if the stars had lit their fires again—
So sweetly, to the wand'rer o'er the plain,
The rose, the jessamine, and every flower,
That spreads its leafets in the dewy hour,
And catches, in its bell, night's viewless rain,
In temper'd balm their rich aroma shower;
And with this charm the morning, on his eye,
Looks from her portals in the eastern sky,
And throws her blushes o'er the sleeping earth,
And wakes it to a fresh and lovely birth—
O! such a charm adorns that fairest spot,
Where noise and revelry disturb me not,
But all the spirits, that console me, come,
And o'er me spread a peaceful canopy,
And stand with messages of kindness by,
And one sweet dove, with eyes that look me bless'd,
Sits brooding all my treasures in her nest
Without one slightest wish the world to roam,
Or leave me, and that quiet dwelling—home.

A PICTURE.

SCENE—*The Valley of the Catskill River north of the Catskill Mountains.*

THE glories of a clouded moonlit night—
  An union of wild mountains, and dark storms
  Gathering around their summits, or in forms
Majestic, moving far away in light,
Like pillar'd snow, or spectres wreath'd in flame—
  Meanwhile around the distant peaks a flow
  Of moonlight settles, seeming from below,
Above the mountain's rude gigantic frame,
  An island of the heart, a home of bright,
  Unsullied souls, who, clad in purest white,
Their bosoms stainless as their mantles, play
  Around the gilded rocks, and snowy lawns,
  And azure groves, in choirs like bounding fawns
Around the throne of some imperial fay—
Again the dark clouds brood below; their fold
  A moment shrouds the mountain in dun shade,
Like midnight blackness from a crater roll'd,
  And flashing, as the glimmering of a blade
Amid the wreaths of war-smoke, lightnings quiver,
And crackling bolts the oak's bent branches shiver,
  And rumbling echoes from the hollow glens
  Roar, like the voice of lions in their dens
Awing the silent desert—then the cloud,
Careering on the whirlwind, lifts its shroud

From off yon soaring pinnacle, and sweet,
  Soft moonlight there is sleeping, like the ray,
  Whose flashes on a chequer'd fountain play
Light as the twinkling glance of fairies' feet,
  Or brood in burnish'd brightness on the stream,
Or kiss the tufted bank of dewy flowers,
  As if consoling, in his boyish dream,
Her shepherd through her own still magic hours—
Such is the brightness on those rocky towers;
  And rising in an arch of double height,
Soaring away beyond that cone, the sky
  Smiles to the harmonizing touch of light,
Like the blue iris of a joyous eye—
  The moon is there in glory, and the stars
Shrink from her fuller splendour, and grow dim
  Behind the veil of her effulgence.—Airs,
As if from Eden breathing, blow; clouds swim,
Foamlike and fleecy, round the landscape's brim;
And heaving like a storm-swoln billow's crest,
Rolls the wild tempest in the darken'd west,
Its flashes twinkling through the gloom, its peals
  Bellowing amid the purple glens; the rain,
Scudding along the forest, bears the bow
Wreath'd round the flying storm-cloud, as it steals
  Stiller and stiller through the night—the stain
Of braided colours, in a softer glow,
Bends o'er the foaming river its tall arch,
As if the spirits of the air might march
From mountain on to mountain, and look down,
In triumph, from the pictur'd circle's crown,

On hamlets wrapp'd in slumber, meadows green
And gemm'd with rain-drops, woods, whose leaves are
bow'd
With the dissolving richness of the cloud,
And brown brooks flashing down the hills, and pouring
Their tribute to the master stream, which wheels
Through the rude valley, foaming, tumbling, roaring,
And on the lonely wanderer, who steals
Abroad in silence to that echoing shore,
And gazing on the mad wave, and the sky,
Which arches o'er the universe on high,
And on the flying cohorts of the storm,
Hiding their frowns behind a seraph's form,
With soul subdued, and aw'd, enchanted eye,
Can only bow before them and adore.

The following effusion may serve to explain one of the mysteries of mythology—the location of heaven above us.

I HAD been sitting at a feast of souls,
A banquet of pure spirits, where the thought
Spoke on the eloquent tongue, and in the eye's
Gay sparkle, and the ever-changing play
Of feature, like the twinkling glance of waves
Beneath the summer noonlight. I walk'd forth;
It was a night in autumn, and the moon
Was visible through clouds of opal, lac'd
With gold and carmine—such a silent night

As fairies love to dance and revel in,
When winds are hush'd, and leaves are still, and waves
Are sleeping on the waters, and the hum
And stir of life reposing. There was spread
Before my sight a smooth and glossy bay,
Mirror'd in silver brightness, and the chime
Of rippling waters on its pebbles, broke
Alone the quietude that fill'd the air:
But when the tremulous heaving of the deep,
Far off, along its sandy barriers, rose
And faintly echoed, as the fitful gust
Ruffled the placid surface glass'd below;
Or, at the call of night-birds, where they flew
And sported in the sedges, low and sweet,
Like swallows twittering, or the cooing voice
Of ring-doves, when they brood their callow young.
I look'd abroad on sea and mountain, wild
And cultur'd field and garden, and they lay,
Amid the stillness of the elements,
Silent, and motionless, and beautiful,
For mist and moonlight soften'd down their forms,
And cover'd them with dim transparency,
Like beauty melting through her Coan veil;
A wind rose from the ocean, as it roll'd
Blue in the boundless distance, and it swept
The curtain'd clouds athwart the moon, and gave
The undimm'd azure of the sky to light
And full expansion. There my eyes were turn'd,
And there they found the magic influence,

Which bound them, like enchantment, in a trance
Of most exalted feeling, and the soul
Was lifted from the body, and became
A portion of the purity and light
And loveliness of that cerulean dome:
And it imagin'd on the mountain top,
Now silvered with the milder beam of night,
On the blue arch, and on the rolling moon,
Careering through the host of stars, who seem'd
To worship at her coming, and put out
The brightness of their twinkling, when she mov'd
Serenely and majestically by—
On these, and on the snowy clouds, that hung
Their curtains round the border of the sky,
Like folds of silken tapestry, it laid
A world of tenderness and purity,
The quiet habitation of the heart,
The resting-place of those impassion'd souls,
Who draw their inspiration at the founts
Of nature, flowing from that theatre,
Whose scene is ever shifting with the play
Of seasons, as the year steals swiftly on,
And bears us, with its silent foot, away
To dissolution; ardent souls, who love
The rude rock and the frowning precipice,
The winding valley, where it lies in green
Along the bubbling riv'let, and the plain,
Parted in field and meadow, redolent
Of roses in the flow'ry days of spring;
And in the nights of autumn, of the breath

Of frosted clusters, hung along the vines
In blue and gushing festoons, in whose rind
The drink of souls, the nectar of the gods,
Ripens beneath the warm unclouded sky.

I look'd upon this loveliness, until
A dream came o'er me, and the firmament
Was animate, and spirits fill'd the air,
Floating on snowy wings, and rustled by,
Fanning the wind to coolness; and they came
On messages of kindness, and they sought
The pillow of o'er-wearied toil, and shook
The dews of Lethe from their dripping plumes
Around his temples, till his mind forgot
Its sad realities, and happy dreams
Rose fair and sweet around him, and restor'd
Awhile the spotless hours of infancy,
When life is one enchantment! Then I seem'd
Rapt in a trance of ecstasy, and forms
Stood thronging round supremely beautiful,
Whose looks were full of tenderness, whose words
Were glances, and whose melodies were smiles;
Who utter'd forth the feelings of the soul
In that expressive dialect, whose tones
No tongue can syllable, the unseen chain,
Which links those hearts that beat in unison.
It was that perfect meeting, whither tend
Our spirits in their better hours, and find
The balm of wounded bosoms, where they dream

The eye of mercy ever smiles, and peace
For ever broods—They call the vision heav'n.

And thus hath man imagin'd he can find
The region of his angels, and his gods,
And blessed spirits, somewhere in the sky;
Or in the moon, to which the Indian turns,
And dreams it is a cool and quiet land,
Where insect cannot sting, nor tiger prowl;
Or on the cone of mountains, where the snow,
Purest of all material things, is laid
Upon a cloudy pillow, wreath'd around
The midway height, and parting from this world
Olympus and the Swerga's holy bowers.

There are many youths, and some men, who most earnestly devote themselves to solitary studies, from the mere love of the pursuit. I have here attempted to give some of the causes of a devotion, which appears so unaccountable to the stirring world.*

And wherefore does the student trim his lamp,
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heav'n,
And worshipping around the midnight throne?
And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours

* Written for an album.

Of youth and joyaunce, when the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?

The sun is on the waters, and the air
Breathes with a stirring energy; the plants
Expand their leaves, and swell their buds, and blow,
Wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul
With perfume and with beauty—Life awakes;
Its wings are waving, and its fins at play
Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice
Of love and joy is warbled in the grove;
And children sport upon the springing turf,
With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fir'd
With a diviner passion, and the eye
Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is fill'd,
At every tender motion of the heart,
With purer flushings; for the boundless power,
That rules all living creatures, now has sway;
In man refin'd to holiness, a flame,
That purifies the heart it feeds upon:
And yet the searching spirit will not blend
With this rejoicing, these attractive charms
Of the glad season; but, at wisdom's shrine,
Will draw pure draughts from her unfathom'd well,
And nurse the never-dying lamp, that burns
Brighter and brighter on, as ages roll.

He has his pleasures—he has his reward:
For there is in the company of books,
The living souls of the departed sage,

And bard, and hero; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days;
In these, and in the visions, that arise
Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the mighty and the good,
There is an elevating influence,
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old time:
And then he listens in his passionate dreams,
To voices in the silent gloom of night,
As of the blind Meonian, when he struck
Wonder from out his harp-strings, and roll'd on,
From rhapsody to rhapsody, deep sounds,
That imitate the ocean's boundless roar;
Or tones of horror, which the drama spake,
Reverberated through the hollow mask,
Like sounds, which rend the sepulchres of kings,
And tell of deeds of darkness, which the grave
Would burst its marble portals to reveal;
Or his, who latest in the holy cause
Of freedom, lifted to the heavens his voice,
Commanding, and beseeching, and with all
The fervour of his spirit pour'd abroad,
Urging the sluggish souls of self-made slaves
To emulate their fathers, and be free;

Or those, which in the still and solemn shades
Of Academus, from the wooing tongue
Of Plato, charm'd the youth, the man, the sage,
Discoursing of the perfect and the pure,
The beautiful and holy, till the sound,
That play'd around his eloquent lips, became
The honey of persuasion, and was heard,
As oracles amid Dodona's groves.
With eye upturn'd watching the many stars,
And ear in deep attention fix'd, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory, and his hopes;
Till past becomes reality, and joys,
That beckon in the future, nearer draw,
And ask fruition—O! there is a pure,
A hallow'd feeling in these midnight dreams;
They have the light of heaven around them, breathe
The odour of its sanctity, and are
Those moments taken from the sands of life,
Where guilt makes no intrusion, but they bloom,
Like islands flow'ring on Arabia's wild.
And there is pleasure in the utterance
Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow,
Unruffled and unbroken—It is joy
Ineffable, to dwell upon the lines,
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colours always fresh and ever new,

Emotions, that were sanctified, and lov'd,
As something far too tender, and too pure,
For forms so frail and fading—I have sat,
In days, when sensibility was young,
And the heart beat responsive to the sight,
The touch, and music of the lovely one;
Yes, I have sat entranc'd, enraptur'd, till
The spirit would have utterance, and words
Flow'd full of hope, and love, and melody,
The gushings of an overburden'd heart
Drunk with enchantment, bursting freely forth,
Like fountains in the early days of spring.

I consider Poetry in a twofold view, as a spirit and a manifestation. Perhaps the poetic spirit has never been more justly defined, than by Byron in his Prophecy of Dante, a creation

> "From overfeeling good or ill, an aim
> At an external life beyond our fate."

This spirit may be manifested by language, metrical or prose, by declamation, by musical sounds, by expression, by gesture, by motion, and by imitating forms, colours, and shades; so that literature, oratory, music, physiognomy, acting, and the arts of painting and sculpture, may all have their poetry; but that peculiar spirit, which alone gives the great life and charm to all the efforts of genius, is as distinct from the measure and rhyme of poetical composition, as from the scientific principles of drawing and perspective.

The world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves

Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness—Earth is veil'd,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe, with crystal, in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high
For aught, but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
For ever charming, and for ever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skilful, and mov'd with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolv'd in ecstasy, to heaven.

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measur'd file, and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments,
That overload their littleness.—Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fir'd
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,
Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

Passion, when deep, is still—the glaring eye,
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,
The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness,
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide

The keen, fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below,
The hand firm-clench'd and quivering, and the foot
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart
Its vengeance, are the language, it employs.
So the poetic feeling needs no words
To give it utterance; but it swells, and glows,
And revels in the ecstasies of soul,
And sits at banquet with celestial forms,
The beings of its own creation, fair,
And lovely, as e'er haunted wood and wave,
When earth was peopled, in its solitudes,
With nymph and naiad—mighty, as the gods,
Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds,
That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;
Who bore, upon their features, all that grand,
And awful dignity of front, which bows
The eye that gazes on the marble Jove,
Who hurls, in wrath, his thunder, and the god,
The image of a beauty, so divine,
So masculine, so artless, that we seem
To share in his intensity of joy,
When, sure as fate, the bounding arrow sped,
And darted to the scaly monster's heart.

This spirit is the breath of nature, blown
Over the sleeping forms of clay, who else
Doze on through life in blank stupidity,
Till by its blast, as by a touch of fire,
They rouse to lofty purpose, and send out,
In deeds of energy, the rage within.

Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,
Than in the man of cities; in the child,
Than in maturer bosoms. Art may prune
Its rank and wild luxuriance, and may train
Its strong out-breakings, and its vehement gusts
To soft refinement, and amenity;
But all its energy has vanish'd, all
Its madd'ning, and commanding spirit gone,
And all its tender touches, and its tones
Of soul-dissolving pathos, lost and hid
Among the measur'd notes, that move as dead
And heartless, as the puppets in a show.

Well I remember, in my boyish days,
How deep the feeling, when my eye look'd forth
On nature, in her loveliness, and storms.
How my heart gladden'd, as the light of spring
Came from the sun with zephyrs, and with showers,
Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods
To music, and the atmosphere to blow,
Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.
O! how I gaz'd upon the dazzling blue
Of summer's heaven of glory, and the waves,
That roll'd, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;
And on the tempest, when it issued forth,
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,
Frowning and terrible; then sent abroad
The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,
That roll'd, in deep, deep volleys, round the hills,

The warning of its coming, and the sound,
That usher'd in its elemental war.
And, O! I stood, in breathless longing fix'd,
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds
Heav'd their dark billows on the roaring winds,
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,
A long hoarse murmur, like the rush of waves,
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high
Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure,
As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang
Fresh from the hand, that wrought her; where the eye
Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,
To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,
That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,
White, as the snow of Zemla, or the foam,
That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctur'd round,
In easy undulations, with a belt
Woven of bright Apollo's golden hair.
Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,
Mantled in ebon darkness, strow'd with stars
Its canopy, that seem'd to swell, and swell
The higher, as I gaz'd upon it, till,
Sphere after sphere evolving, on the height
Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,
In glory's full effulgence, and a wave,
Intensely bright, roll'd, like a fountain, forth
Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and stream'd
Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,

Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gush'd,
In overflowing richness, from the breast
Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,
And felt to madness; but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within.
Words were too weak; they were unknown; but still
The feeling was most poignant: it has gone;
And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er
Pour'd, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue,
Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stor'd
With all, the patriarchs of British song
Hallow'd, and render'd glorious, cannot tell
Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.

SONNET.

FAREWELL, sad flowers, that on a desert blow,
Farewell! I pluck'd you from the muses' bower,
And wove you in a garland, which an hour
Might on my aching eye enchantment throw,—
Your leaves are pale and wither'd, and your flow
Of perfume wasted, your alluring power
Has vanish'd like the fleeting April shower;
Too lovely flowers to spread your leaves below—
Sweet flowers! though wither'd, all the joy, I know,
Is, when I breathe your balm, your wreath intwine;
And earth can only this delight bestow,
That sometimes all your loveliness is mine;
And then my frozen heart awhile will glow,
And life have moments, in its path, divine!

ESSAYS.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."

WHAT is magnanimity? what is that nobleness of soul, of which so much is said and written, which we are so ready to admire, and so backward to imitate? Is it merely a name, or has it an actual existence? It has been on the tongues of men ever since Homer spake of his lion-hearted heroes, and the Romans of their Fabii and Catos. Let us then believe it a reality, a spirit, which has been abroad in the hearts of men, and acting in the bosoms of, at least, a few. Let us look upon it as a something, which can be felt and imitated, and on which it is good to ponder. In this liberal age, all men are allowed to form and express their opinions freely. I shall therefore be allowed to think and write, even on such a subject as this. Perhaps I may find it difficult to use the cool and deliberate language of philosophy, especially on so lifting a topic; but for once I will try.

Magnanimity is a habitual elevation of mind, arising from a sense of personal worth, and a just estimation of human nature. It is an absolute and a relative feeling: relative as it is a consciousness of elevation above those habits, which render others contemptible; and absolute, as it is a sense of approximation towards that *ideal* of moral and intellectual excellence, which the mind can form. In some more favoured individuals, it seems to be instinctive: that nice sense of natural honour, which feels the least approach of contamination, and repels it with indignant energy. But in others, either from an original weakness, which puts them in perpetual warfare between their just views and good wishes, and their de-

pressing propensities, or from a defective education, which has left its early and indelible taint on their character, this feeling is an acquired property, learned from the writings and the society of great and noble spirits, and which sometimes, from a deep experience of the bitter evils of a low and degrading conduct, is more active, more sensitive, and more towering, than that, which is the simple gift of nature.

We often see a high and mighty feeling in the savage; a feeling, that repels every idea of low advantage, and scorns to triumph over the weakness of a fellow creature. This is not altogether instinctive. Rude nations often, in the absence of the arts of civilization and luxury, bestow greater attention on the culture of the higher feelings. With them virtue is courage, fortitude, greatness. The cultivation of the unyielding, unbending spirit, which leaves no opening, by which others can catch a glimpse of weakness, is with them an object of as careful attention, as with us the cultivation of sciences that enlarge and enrich the mind, or of arts that soften and adorn the manners. The brightest examples of magnanimity are to be found in the history of rude nations. The greatest sacrifice of interest, the purest simplicity of life, and the steadiest and firmest energy of purpose, must be looked for in those periods, when wealth and luxury had made little advances, and when men were estimated more by their personal qualities, than by circumstance of fortune. The word chieftain, in Greek, was synonymous with excellent, and that excellence was made to consist in the strong and manly virtues, in true magnanimity of soul. Their nobles were, at first, men, who, by the superiority of their character and conduct, had gained an ascendency over poorer spirits, and had thrown around themselves the sanctity of higher beings. They were indeed noble. Theirs was a nobility, whose patent is from God Almighty, whose only badge is a pure, a generous, and a lofty life; an aristocracy, that always has existed, and I hope and trust, always will exist; the aristocracy of talent, of

knowledge, and of virtue, which will stand unmoved and unbroken, like the brave three hundred, among crowds of degraded and effeminate hirelings.

Man has, in his constitution, a twofold nature: one, whose tendency is upward; another, whose tendency is downward. The intellect, the taste, and the kind affections constitute the one; the appetites, and the violent and selfish passions the other. All these are necessary to our existence. Those propensities, which seem to us base in themselves, are so only from their abuse. They do not indeed admit of cultivation. They are only sentinels on the watch against injuries, which might suddenly destroy us, or prompters to the exercise of those functions, without which the animal machine must stop its motions. They have their natural and healthful state, and this cannot be disturbed without doing mischief. As they are at the first dawn of life, so they should continue throughout its whole progress. They ask no improvement; for who can improve the workmanship of the Creator? We cannot teach the taste to select better food, nor the stomach to perform better the office of digestion. What the palate instinctively refuses, it is cruelty to attempt teaching it to relish. Here is a mistake, which has cost many a child his health, and the happiness of his life. When this sentinel to one appetite has been bribed into infidelity, every physical guard against the most degrading vices is broken down: for the appetites are linked together like brethren; the excitement of one is the instigation of the others; and he, who early initiates a child in the pleasures of the palate, can only look forward to a mad career in every vice that degrades and destroys. All then, that has been done in the arts of luxury, has been only a perversion, not an improvement on the ignorance of nature. The appetites and the passions should be left as they were created, or they are corrupted. We must here return to the utter simplicity of the most savage life, or we cannot boast of that integrity of virtue, of which the human powers are capable.

But it is not so with the higher nature of man. That is capable of great, of indefinite improvement. It is impossible to fix the line, beyond which it can go no farther. This is different in different individuals; for every man has dealt out to him his peculiar measure of talent. Only one general rule can be laid down in the developement of the higher powers. Let it be moderate. This word contains in itself the grand arcanum of all solid improvement and real happiness. The moderate, the regular, and the progressive improvement of our better faculties, and the dispensation of their fruits in promoting the happiness of others, will then be the great object of every noble mind. He will use every means of direct advancement in his truly celestial purpose, and shun every thing, which can retard his progress: and since nothing is so deadly to growth in knowledge and virtue as sensuality and selfishness, he will ever keep a dragon's watch against those insidious enemies, and feel the slightest submission to them, as a reproach, that can only be wiped off by increased exertion, and a wound, whose agony tingles through his vitals.

In the first place then, the truly magnanimous man withdraws from every thing sensual and selfish, and lives in a purely intellectual and moral atmosphere. He considers his senses and his appetites, as made for no other purpose, but the preservation of life and health, and the introduction of a knowledge of outward things. When employed for the mere purposes of pleasure they are most dangerously abused; for every poignant pleasure is an undue excitement, and with unerring certainty saps the foundations of that health, on which all the security of life, the purity of virtue, and the vigour of mind, depend. With this feeling, he is perfectly indifferent to the style and materials of his food, his dress, and his habitation, if they be only neat and healthful. The greatest philosopher of antiquity was remarkable for concinnity in all things, in dress, in manners, in thought and language; and indeed this is a sure criterion of a pure and elevated mind. Strong genius may be connected with cynic negligence: but such a man is

defective in that magnanimity, which revolts at every departure from strict propriety. Concinnity will then be a first trait in the character of a truly great man. This regard to neatness will never extend beyond the simple elegance of nature. Every thing affected and finical he will abhor. He will not, with a puritanic strictness, condemn the elegancies of polite life. He will consider them as wholesome fruits of taste, so long as they are marked by simplicity: it is only when they are debased by foppery, that he will condemn them. There will always be present to such a mind objects of too grand and overwhelming an interest, to allow him to take a deep concern in the fine arts; but as long as they are kept within the bounds of a virtuous propriety, he will look upon them with complacent feelings, and consider them as means of calling forth our better nature, and of elevating us above those animal propensities, which are ever stealing on the idle and unemployed.

He will be, in every thing, exact. Time will be to him of inestimable value, the wealth of life. To make the most of the allotted period of existence, he will lay off his duties with a strictness of calculation, that will leave no moments to run to waste. He will consider himself endowed with great and improveable powers. He will therefore preserve, with all his care, that health, which is the substratum of those powers, and employ, with the exactest diligence, that time, in which he is to give them all the improvement, this state of being will allow. His whole life will be one course of self-instruction, and he will terminate his education only at the grave. With the tenfold agony of Titus, he will exclaim over the smallest waste of this most precious gift, "I have lost an hour." His mind will be alive with an eager longing for all philosophy. There will ever be present a curiosity to grasp at facts, and thoughts unwearied in arranging them in just and useful principles. He would be rich in all, that can enlarge his sphere of intellectual vision, that can

reveal the purpose of his being and the powers of his nature, that can render him more fitted to secure his own happiness, and promote the good of his fellow creatures, and that can lift him from that pit of degradation, where he sees the crowd for ever sinking, and from which he finds it so hard to escape.

But in all this he will be moderate. Close attention to present perceptions, and a slow and sure admission of them, will characterize the whole course of his reflections and studies. He will not think that day lost, which fixes in his mind one just principle. He will not grasp a multitude of objects at once; but will give his undivided powers to one truth at one time. What he thus learns, he will know well; and what he once knows, he will hardly forget: for his knowledge will be appropriated, a portion of his own mind, mixing in all his reflections with the readiness of instinct. He will seek his knowledge, in the main, from nature; though he will not neglect books. He will give them their just value. He will look upon them, as the recorded thoughts of other men, who went, like him, in the last resort, to nature. He will weigh them in the balance of his judgment; and if he finds them coinciding with the dictates of his own common sense, and with the contents of that volume, which is open to the inspection of all, he will give them his confidence, and store them in his memory, to whatever age, or nation, or party, or individual, they may belong.

But his moderation will be active; an ever onward course of well-doing, rapid though equable, energetic though calm. He will put forth his greatest strength in awakening men from the apathy of vice and indolence, and guide them, when excited, with a steadier hand. He will combine in himself the rarely blended qualities of firmness in resisting, and quickness in execution. If he find his fellow citizens slumbering beneath the oppression of tyrannic power, he will put forth the fire of his spirit in alarming them; and when they are drawn out in array against their oppressors, his conduct

will be cool and determined, bracing them with unshaken firmness against the force, that would subdue them, and restraining from excesses the indignation of insulted freemen. This kind of character is indeed rare. We have more usually seen wholesome revolutions begun by one class of men, and perfected by another. The violent sow the seed, and men of calm but firm souls reap the harvest. It was Washington and Franklin who guided that storm, which Warren and Henry roused. These men of ardent and enthusiastic energy are often of inestimable value. They are the lightnings, which are sometimes wanted to purify the moral atmosphere. When the still small voice of the man of gentle virtues is unavailing, they waken the sinner from the deep sleep of his vices, and draw out the better spirit, buried, as it is, beneath years of accumulated offending. It is in darker and more depraved societies, that such men are needed. They are violent moral medicines for an inveterate disease. When the populace has become servile, degraded, and besotted; when the chill slumber of moral death is stealing over a nation, then it is, we can hail the fanaticism of Whitefield, as an angel of mercy.

With the truly magnanimous man the word ecstasy has no meaning. It is indeed a *standing out* from that firm and determined course, he has laid down, which nothing can induce him to alter. He allows no rising beyond that fulness of soul, which is permanently consistent with our nature He knows that intemperate pleasures are only transient joys purchased at the expense of lasting sorrows. He knows, that exactly as the passions and sensations are exalted, will be the consequent degree of depression. He looks with pity on those devotees, who think to enjoy the raptures of heaven in such a life as this; for he always finds them ending their career in exhaustion and premature decay: and since his great aim is to go through life on one unbroken level, he will avoid every lifting of the spirit above its common measure, as one blow in a sure but lingering suicide. He stands, like a rock in the midst of the ocean, looking out calm and unmoved on

Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gush'd,
In overflowing richness, from the breast
Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,
And felt to madness; but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within.
Words were too weak; they were unknown; but still
The feeling was most poignant: it has gone;
And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er
Pour'd, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue,
Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stor'd
With all, the patriarchs of British song
Hallow'd, and render'd glorious, cannot tell
Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.

SONNET.

Farewell, sad flowers, that on a desert blow,
Farewell! I pluck'd you from the muses' bower,
And wove you in a garland, which an hour
Might on my aching eye enchantment throw,—
Your leaves are pale and wither'd, and your flow
Of perfume wasted, your alluring power
Has vanish'd like the fleeting April shower;
Too lovely flowers to spread your leaves below—
Sweet flowers! though wither'd, all the joy, I know,
Is, when I breathe your balm, your wreath intwine;
And earth can only this delight bestow,
That sometimes all your loveliness is mine;
And then my frozen heart awhile will glow,
And life have moments, in its path, divine!

the ancient proverb, "no man can suddenly grow rich, and be just." He will place his dignity in himself, and not in the parade around him. His wants will be few; for he will be temperate both in body and mind. He will not need a rich table; for the supper of Curius would satisfy his simple appetite. He will not need a rich library: for he will read few books; but those will be well chosen, and well digested. He will not need a splendid house, or furniture, or equipage: for what external display can add to the greatness of talent, knowledge, and virtue; or bolster up vice and insignificance; and why should he surround himself with pomp and splendour, when his Creator surrounds him daily, with a richness in the earth and heavens, that sinks the proudest efforts of art to trifles. And why should he seek treasures for charity, when he knows, that, lavished without care, they only corrupt, and that the truly benevolent man has little need of them, in executing his godlike purpose of rendering men industrious and temperate, that they may be happy. Indeed he looks on what the world calls wealth, as the most insignificant thing in existence; merely a phantom, which makes men active in its pursuit, but as unprincipled as active; and which spoils them when overtaken. He never leans on the strength of family records, and pictures; but he looks on the bright deeds of his fathers, only to gather fresh incentives to well-doing.

His manners will be elevated, but not insolent. He will not creep along with puritanic demureness; but will walk erect with all the generous elevation of Homer's courser. His will be a dignity founded on a consciousness of personal value: not that pride, which struts in a little brief authority, and swells itself with the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune. Is he the master of his passions, the lord of his appetites, rich in high and useful knowledge, in warm and generous feelings, in grand and resolved purposes, and in liberal and extensive views? he has indeed reason for exultation, and cause to be proud of his own worth: but his will be a pride, which has nothing supercilious, nothing overbearing;

that dignity, which warms and gladdens, not that haughtiness, which blasts and destroys; the serene elevation of a mind, always moving in a pure and lofty region, mingling alone with greater thoughts and nobler feelings, and communicating its own majesty to every look, and attitude, and motion.

The word resentment has no place in his vocabulary. He utterly discards duelling, as a monstrous relic of a savage state, which lingers around us, as if to remind us of the violence and madness, from which we have emerged. Is a slight insult offered him? He shakes it off, like dew from the lion's mane. Is he more basely insulted? He thinks it punishment enough to let the villain live, and wither under the proud glance of his scorn. Is he injured, so that the peace of his family and society is concerned? The strong arm of the law is then his only avenger. He is not a man to be led away by names. He thinks him the braver man, who, in the face of public opinion, dares to obey the dictates of truth and justice; not him, who bows to the tyranny of custom, and yields up his life at her blood-stained altar. He holds, in utter contempt, that courage, which dares not do right, though the whole world be in arms against it; but will madly risk destruction to gain the senseless applause of a mob. If human life be sought with the purpose of revenge; he thinks the guilt as deep, whether the murderer offer his own life on equal terms, or steal upon his enemy in darkness. He considers that honour, which cannot be supported by a steady virtue, and a lofty forgiveness, as falsely usurping the name, and deserving no better title than dastardly meanness. He calls things by their just names. He does not smooth over, with gentle epithets, base amusements and criminal pleasures, because they are loved and sanctioned by the splendid and the gay. He thinks it as cruel to lash a generous horse to the last efforts of his speed, as to let loose on each other the fury of ferocious animals. He does not give a softer name to the elegant intemperance of the rich, than to the sordid vices of the poor; but he embraces them both within the sweep of his unsparing malediction.

As his first object is truth, he will never cling to his own mistakes. He will be as ready to confess his errors, as to claim a victory. He will have none of that meanness, which takes fire, when corrected; but he will think his just adviser, his best friend. He will consider him, one who has saved him from exposing himself to the insolent triumph of the evil-minded, and who has lent him a helping hand in his perpetual ascent towards a pure and manly virtue.

Such are some of the traits of a magnanimous character. How worthy of all praise must be the man, who, after a cruel education, which had corrupted his youth, and robbed it of the bloom of health and virtue, has yet strength enough to retrace his steps, and press on with undeviating energy in the right path, regardless of the scorn of the unjust and the unfeeling, the coldness of friends, the defection of fonder attachments, the bitter regret of past errors, the loss of time and opportunity, the depression of sickness and sorrow, and the almost irresistible call of habits, which bark around him, like the dogs of the furies. He, who can resist all this, and go on determined in wisdom and goodness, is a hero far greater, than the victor, who rides over death to empire.

[I have here attempted to sketch a picture of the feelings and musings of an imaginative mind. I have adopted a peculiar style, because it seemed to coincide with the nature of the subject, and my own feelings, when I wrote it. Writers are allowed to adopt different styles and measures in poetry —why not different dictions in prose?]

"*Ego, apis Matinæ*
More modoque."

That the minds, the tempers, and the intellectual and moral powers of individuals are as different, as their forms, their

features, their health, and their vigour, is a truth as evident to me, as any truth, which does not admit of absolute demonstration. Some men are endowed by nature with great vigour of mind and body, capable of long-continued and gigantic efforts; but moving in all their operations slowly, though surely. These men often show a degree of obtuseness in childhood, which leads the less sagacious to augur nothing good of their maturer years; but strength, exactness, and perseverance, become to them the certain means of high and permanent advancement; and although they never can pour around them the lightnings and terrors of genius, yet they render the whole circle of their life one day of warm bright sunshine. Others endowed with that fearful and mysterious gift of genius, which the world has so often worshipped for its resistless manifestations, and neglected for its repulsive irregularities; high-toned, irritable, feeling every sense of pleasure and pain with the poignancy of agony or rapture; moving with the rapidity, the eccentricity, and the ominous glare of a comet; never moderate in their desires and endeavours; now springing with the collected energy of an eagle to some high and unattainable glory, and then sinking down exhausted, and brooding, in all the bitterness of despair, over the wrecks of their celestial longings; now giving their intellectual powers, with a lavishing madness, to the instant comprehension of truths, which should have required a long and calm investigation, and then exclaiming, in weary listlessness, against the folly and nothingness of every exertion to be wise, or great, or good: these men, who, in their stronger and darker deeds, put forth the intellectual might of Milton's Satan, and who, could their efforts be justly directed, would always move on, like the sun in his unclouded summer glories, diffusing life and warmth to all around them; these men, after an agitated life, in which health and honour, and peace and friendship, have been sacrificed to sudden and impetuous feelings, after every suffering of body, and torture of mind have been endured, go down, neglected and unlamented, to an early grave, and leave the world astonished, that one

being could unite in himself energies, which command even awe and admiration, and weaknesses, which fill us with pity and contempt.

And that such men should be neglected by the soberer part of the world is nothing wonderful. Men do not like to be dazzled. They can enjoy a warm soft sunshine, and feel emotions of thankfulness to the dispenser of so comfortable a sensation; but they close their eyes against a brilliancy too strong for their feeble organs, and feel only pain, where intellects, keener and more exalted, gaze with pleasure. Besides the mass of the world go through life in search of comfort and present enjoyment; or they spend all their efforts in hedging in themselves and their families with a circumvallation of earthly treasures, and then look out from the loop-holes of their strong castles in proud defiance, on the crowd, who wander unsheltered around them. The far-off blessings, which the etherealized imagination is always dreaming of, and never reaches, have no community with their more fleshly spirits, and they either profess to look with contempt on these insane reveries; or they pour upon them the anathemas of a moody religion, which would cramp the expandings and aspirings of our higher nature within the allowed hopes and prospects of a bigot's creed.

There is a fountain of thought and feeling, in those chosen spirits, which is ever springing up fresh and full, and pouring over the richness of its treasures on all things around it, giving them hues, which they have not in themselves, and covering them with a luxuriance, which another and a colder heart would not find around them, and making of the barrenest spot an Eden, and of the driest desert a land of brooks and water courses.

They have within them too a creative energy, which culls, from the stores of memory, the choicest and the fairest, and forms them into landscapes of surpassing loveliness, a rich and harmonizing union of mountain and valley, where the sunlit

rock lifts its bald forehead from the deep gloom of forests, and the leaves are moving in the wind, and twinkling in the sunbeams; where the full light of heaven descends and rests on the waving meadow, and the brook steals along from rapid to pool, and from overbowering shade to open sunshine; where the living things of earth are asleep in their midday slumber, and nothing is heard, but the solitary whistle of the Phebe in the dank hollow, and the chirp of the locust on the oak-top; where the heart goes away to the blue sky, and the white clouds that sleep around it, to meet the spirits of departed pleasures; where it finds its loved ones in their earliest beauty, and lives over the hallowed moments of condensed beatitude, and forgets, for awhile, it is still dwelling on earth, and thinks it has taken a last leave of its grosser incumbrances, and is now a pure and winged spirit in the bright and boundless sea of immortality.

And if ever there are moments, which one would wish to live over again, which leave no stain upon the spirit, and no wounds to fester in the bosom, and are to us, as gay islands, in the cold and stormy ocean we are sailing over; it is, when the pure nature within us has thrown off the shackles of chilling want and besetting appetite, and has entered into communion with its better feelings, and holier aspirations; when it has forgotten itself in its minglings with kindred spirits, and has found absorbing ecstasies in the communication of mutual blessings; when it has given to another and a dear one a new pleasure of taste or tenderness, and has taken back in return the kind look and the delighted accent; when it has felt, as the blended feelings partook deeper and deeper of the same enjoyment, a linking together of two existences, till every thought, and glance, and motion, seemed in unison, and one could not be joyous, and the other unhappy, and the tear could not rise on one eyelid, and the other's heart not overflow in sympathetic sorrow.

And who would wish to rob the feeling mind of his ideal happiness, and call down his imagination, now revelling in

bowers of Eden, and rejoicing with angels and blessed spirits in the undiscovered mansions of a long-wished-for hereafter; where he has pictured his companions in all the perfectness of form, and charm of feature, that ever poet conceived, or painter embodied, and has taken the flowers and the birds, when the sweetest and the fairest, and the thinking and feeling beings of his paradise, when youngest and gayest, in the glad season of life's spring, when taste is nature, and sensibility the untaught movings of a stainless bosom; where he has made them sleepless in delight, and ever active in enjoyment, looking on all around them with the keen glance of novelty, catching at once the fitness of groupings, and the harmony of motion and expression with the thoughts within them, and never knowing what it is to have the dull call of unfeeling command breaking in upon their lovely musings, and marring the beauty of a high-wrought fancy-piece with the heavy obtrusion of some homely and spiritless labour.

These minds of fine and ethereal texture are indeed not made for the inevitable toils and crosses of a life like this. They are always connected with a constitution so delicate, and so sensible to every touch, that the slightest breeze of misfortune ruffles them, and a neglect, at which heartier spirits would laugh in their reckless independence, weighs upon them, and bows them, till the air around them is unmingled blackness, and the sickened ear is shocked with the liveliest music, and the heart is ready, in its bitterness, to say, that all on earth, that is sweet and fair, is a mockery, and existence but an ugly dream.

And if they attempt to throw off the gloom, that weighs so heavily upon them, and to mingle in the press and jostle of a busy world, they find their souls grow dead and senseless, unmoved by the fine touch of beauty, and unmelted by the tender; then they grow disgusted with their coarseness, and think they have put away the charm of their better nature, and are ashamed, that they can stoop to grosser indulgences, and waste their hours in rude and heartless merriment, that

351498

they can look upon another's suffering with dull emotion, and be contented, like the many, to gather wherever a harvest is offered, and ask not, whether their own luxuries be purchased by the sparing of a fellow creature, or even wrenched from the helpless hand, that felt in losing them, as if its life was plundered, and the fruit of long and patient toiling torn away to gladden the heart of a greedy tyrant.

And when he muses on this, and embraces, in the grasp of his benevolence, the whole world of feeling, and sees how much of evil is endured, and how inevitably it must be suffered, and that if he be set apart in a purer region, it is only at the expense of another's toil and privation, he then begins to feel, that there is even a sin in his purer musings; and if he return from the noise of the city to the lonely wood, and the secret valley, to hold communion with his own better thoughts, to recall his former intercourse with ancient worthies, and to renew high society with the master spirits, who live in their recorded out-pourings, he feels that he is taking from the accumulated stores of beings, who might equally relish these high enjoyments, but who, to give him a quiet and a shelter, toil on through the weary day of life, bringing down their souls from their native quarry, and mixing them with grosser things, till the fine spirit is evaporated, and nothing, but bitter dregs, is left to be drank in the hopeless years of age and exhaustion.

Then a new feeling rises within him, and he wishes to betake himself to the solitary desert, or to live on an island in the lonely ocean, there to be fed by the toil of his own hands and the bounties of nature; and as he had before fled from the society of living men, because all could not be equal, so he would now abandon his books, because they take from him the power of independence, and steal from him that time, which should be spent in more gainful labours, and that strength, which should supply his own physical necessities; and he would then wish to divest himself of every thought, he had borrowed from others, to return to the simple igno-

rance of childhood, and be the pupil of none but nature; and while his hand ministered to his unavoidable wants, wander with his eye over the glories before him, and find his only revelation in the bright sky, and the green hills, and the blue billows, his only worship in the spontaneous adoration of a pure spirit, when it drinks in the simple loveliness of nature, his only temple the wide arch, that bends over him, with its mountain pillars, its starry lamps, and its floor of earth and ocean, and his only music, the out-breakings of joy in the notes of wild birds, and the vernal cry of reptiles, the rush of winds through the forests, and the far-off roaring of uplifted waters; till his mind should return to its pristine health and delicacy, be alive to every tender emotion, and sensible to every moral blemish, and shrink from contamination, as from a deadly and destroying venom; till he should at last see, that if man would equably employ his various faculties, and keep the golden rule of moderation in all things, would never pervert the untaught feelings of nature, nor yield to the impulse of sense or selfishness, would be satisfied to be like his fellows, and believe the grandest rank is that of unblemished virtue, that he need not go away to imagined islands, or snowclad mountains, or mansions beyond this sublunary world, for the Eden of his heart, and the heaven of his fancy.

Then, in the overpowering wish for the perfection he can picture, the wild longing for the freedom he aspires to, and the hope that these high aspirations are not all a chimera, he wanders forth amid the rudest and the grandest forms of nature, and feels his spirit harmonizing with their gloom and vastness; he looks abroad from the mountain peak, and rejoices, that he is so far away from the dim abodes of wretchedness, and so far above the smoke of cities; he gladdens in the sun, as it rolls more brightly over him, and is braced and exhilarated by the pure wind, that rushes around him; and he envies the eagle his wings, and thinks, if he could mount on as strong a pinion, he would not wheel around those

rocks, and prowl on the farms below them, but would stretch away to some fairy island, at a returnless distance, and be happy in the company of ministering spirits and pure intelligences.

Then his mind takes a new energy, and his soul feels quickened to a new creation; there comes down to him a fire from the celestial altar, and he is rapt and beatified; his thoughts rush along like a mighty river, the well-spring of memory is broken up, and the images, that he has been storing in years of solitary study, come forth, and roll around him in all the wildness and magnificence of a stirred-up ocean; then he hurries over the sky, and sees it peopled with bright worlds passing away into the measureless distance of space, and he follows them in all their orbits, counts their number, and marshals the hosts of heaven; then he gazes on the clouds, as they gather around the high peaks, and sweep away over the valleys, and he traces their forms in all their folds and volumes, he sees them armed with lightnings, he hears the thunder bursting on the mountains, and listens with delight to the countless echoes that answer from rock and valley; and at once his fancy has crossed the wide sea, and is now among the islands of perpetual summer, and the night is still and bright around him, the black sky withdraws to a vaster distance, and all its lights are keen in brightness, and seem to hang as lamps from the ebon arch above them, the air is silent, the winds are in their caverns, the leaf hangs still in the forest, and the whole world seems at rest and quiet; then the mirrored sea begins to rise without a wind, and to roar far away with an awful warning, and a little cloud rises on the skirts of heaven, and moves, like a bird, over the waters, it spreads and spreads more widely, till it sweeps the whole width of heaven, and it comes on, like the rapid march of a destroying army, with the rush of winds, the roar of thunders, and the bursting of billows; then the sea is tossed in mountains, the foam curls over its wild waves, and streams on the tempest, the dashing waters rush on the land with de-

vouring fury, the broad lightnings launch from volume to volume of the black tornado, the earth is dark as death, and then brighter than tenfold noonday, the winds sweep the land in columned fierceness, and forests bow, rocks are shivered, and houses fall in ruins, the rain pours in a sheet of waters, and man shrinks to the earth, and feels himself a cypher amid the madness of the elements.

Then his eye catches a glimpse of the distant river, as it lies in the gilding of noonlight; and his fancy is like a fleet bird hovering around all the shores of classic and tropic loveliness; and he is now flitting up the valley of lovely Arno, and the bright spires, the lofty towers, and stately palaces of Florence are rising over the groves of elms and poplars, the meadows are full of blossoms, every shade is living with music, and every bower is loud with mirth and dancing, the plains are yellow with the loaded harvest, the hill-sides are hung with blue vineyards, and beyond them the snow of the Apennine rests on a sky of the softest and purest azure, the sun walks over this Eden in cloudless splendour, the earth and the heavens are beautifully magnificent, and he dreams not, that vice, and poverty, and slavery are festering and crouching on a soil, which should only be fruitful in virtue and glory.

And then he is away among the Paphian islands of the peaceful ocean; and he is sitting beneath the umbel of a palm-tree, watching the dancing of its long spearlike leaves, and the waving of its nodding clusters, in the seabreeze, that plays around them; and the painted birds, in their gala of gold and crimson, come and go, wheel around, and settle on the branches, and they sip the liquid honey, that drops from the opening blosoms, and snap the insects, that revel in the sweets, and glance in the sunbeams, and the air is full of their busy voices; again they rise in a cloud, and are floating off to a richer plunder, their wings glitter and glow in the clear light that rolls around them, and they seem like a curtain of gems, or the flow of a silken banner, their shrill music dies away on the wind, and the air is hushed in voluptuous still-

ness; then the green thrush comes from her bushy solitude, and sits on the palm-top, she sings her low sweet song, and he thinks it is a flute, or a woman's voice complaining at a distance; then he is awhile at home, and the plaintive air of his native village is breathing around him, his heart swells, and the tears flow unbidden, he feels the pang of sorrow cramp his bosom, his soul is melted, and his whole spirit flows away like water. Then he looks out on the ocean, and sees its white waves breaking on the coral reef, and boiling over on the still lagoon, and the feathered flakes float away on the ripples, that come lessening and whispering to the shore; the light gulls hang in flocks over the water, they dip their bills, and carry off their prey in triumph, and their screaming rises along the coast like the confused shouting of an army; the tall crane stalks with measured step along the sand, and utters his voice like the deep bray of a trumpet; the flamingo stands, like a form of fire, on the wave-lashed rock, and the light glances richly over his scarlet plumage; and the white tropic-bird skims over the high green billow on his long black wings, or hangs, poised like a flitting cloud, far aloft in the horizon. Then he sees a fleet of canoes coming around a distant promontory, paddling over the smooth bay, and tossing the water around them, like wild fowl in their gambols; the broad matted sails swell out in the cool wind, that comes off from the ocean, and is flying to the hills and the woods, as if to rest in their dark recesses, they throw their long shadows before them, and the water is darkened around the prows, like a lake when a cloud flies over it; they come moving their oars to the sound of simple flutes and untaught voices; they touch the land, and then come forth with song and dancing, and march away to the woods in graceful order; their glossy mantles flow around their shoulders, their arms shine with rings of pearl, their heads are crowned with blue and scarlet feathers, and necklaces of the brightest and sweetest flowers are festooned around them, and spicy blossoms of snowy whiteness spangle

their long black locks; they walk erect in the dignity of nature, or dance to the sound of melodious music, and their cheeks of olive softness glow with the flush of health and motion, like the clear red, that shines through the brown rind of the pomegranate. Then he follows them through the woods to a sacred enclosure, in the solitude of a retired valley, where the wooded hills are rising in an evergreen circle, and the palm waves in the wind, the bamboo nods on the rock, and the wild vines creep over the trees, and weave their arches of broad leaves and purple blossoms, where the cocoa with its wide crown and columned trunk, and the bread-tree with its fingered leaves and clustered cones stand in ordered lines around them, and plantanes, in their tufted bloom and fruitage, and reeds and canes, with their pointed blades and silken tassels, fence in the still retreat, and close it from the sight and entrance of profaner mortals. And there they move in circling choirs to a low and solemn measure, and their song is like the moaning of bereaved matrons, blended at times with the shriek of terror; and the priests come forth from their dark recess in a dress of fantastic wildness, they mutter over their fearful incantations, the music ceases, and the dancers are still and breathless; then a woman of a hostile nation is brought forward, she clasps an infant to her breast with the gripe of desperate fondness, they tear away the frighted babe from her clinging arms, and with a look of wild entreaty she sees it borne to a pile of fuel, and its little limbs bound in sacrifice, then her sight grows dark, and she falls with a faint shriek in a dead insensibility; and they consecrate the innocent to the demon of slaughter, to wait till the battle turn against them; and then to be slain and burned to the rattling of drums and the shouts of infuriate dancers. Then the warriors throw away their flowing robes, and rush forth in naked wildness, brandishing their clubs, and clashing their spears, and their shouts and their yells ring through the forest, like the out-breaking of a host of demons: their limbs writhe in the violence of their contortions, their

eyes flash, and their features look unutterable fury; they hurl at once their arms toward the land of their foemen, and denounce against them insatiate vengeance; then they spring forward to the shore, and their war canoes move swiftly over the waves, in ordered file and measured motion, and the oars chime to the song of battle; and midway on the sea the fleet of the enemy is advancing against them, and the waves foam before their hurried prows, and seem alive with their swarming numbers; then the fleets approach, a yell is heard, and the boats are mingled; and there is a rattling of arms, and a confused cry of wrath and agony; and in the heat of the battle, a tall sail, and a white flag is seen moving to part them, it comes forward in the press of its canvass, and leaps over the waves with the pride and swiftness of a racehorse, it draws nigh, and passes between the contending furies, the canoes part, and shrink back in terror, the tumult is hushed, and a death-like calm broods over the waters; then the ship comes to land, its sails are furled, its anchors moored, and the boat drops from its tackling, and heralds of peace, in white robes, with hymning voices, descend and glide slowly to the shore; then they move in majesty to the sound of sacred music, and the savage shrinks from before them, his voice is mute, his eye sunk, and his rage conquered; and they go to the Morai, and stop the rites of cruelty; the mother's heart gladdens, as they give back her infant, and the little innocent clings to her bosom, and twines its fingers in her scattered locks; and they proclaim aloud, that war shall have an end, they cast down the bloody spear of battle, and raise aloft the white flag of redemption, and its wide folds play in the sweet winds, and glance in the sunbeams, like a banner of light in the land of the blessed.

Then he sees the sun rising over the mistress of nations, where she sits on her hills, in her mural crown, like the Berecynthian goddess on the summit of Ida; and he stands beneath the Doric dome of her protecting deity, and a pale and solemn light streams through the alabaster windows, and

gives a faint hue to the fluted pillars, but leaves the niches in darkness, and as it glances along the walls, tinges with a yellow ray the trophies of war, and the votive offerings of heroes, the Punic beaks, the Grecian palms, and the Gallic helmets; and half reveals, in the dim recess, the statue of her own peculiar Jove, whose right hand grasps the thunder, and whose left sustains a column, on which is inscribed, in brazen letters, "ROMA." And there he sees, arranged in silent order, the fathers of the republic, sitting on their curule chairs and benches, with staid and graceful dignity, in their long white robes and purple badges; and at their head, on a higher seat, the keen and sleepless consul, with his eye full of deep thought, and his thin and spiritual features alive with the workings of his mighty bosom; then a death-like stillness pervades the high assembly, and there enters a tall bony man, with a fierce and haggard look, and a hurried motion, and as he advances to take his seat, the senators retire before him, and shrink to the other side of the temple, as from the breath of a poisonous reptile; and at once the orator and the magistrate, reading him with the keen glance of indignation, rises from his curule chair, lifts his hand with commanding gesture, spreads the folds of his flowing toga, and bursts out in a voice of kindled wrath and insulted dignity; and as he pours forth his honest rage in unsparing and ceaseless invective, and launches around him the arrows of impassioned eloquence, the corrupted and corrupting worm writhes beneath his torture, and looks around for escape, but dares not fly from the fascination of that stern glance, which probes the deepest folds of his bosom: then as the orator draws out, one by one, his foul purposes, and bares them to the light in their fullest blackness, and turns to the solemn statue in the act of invoking vengeance, he cowers to the earth like a wretch, when a storm has passed over him.

Such are his solitary musings, and so he could dream on for ever, taking in with delighted sense the sights and sounds, that are moving and speaking around him, and linking them

with all the stores of his memory, and all the creations of his fancy. But the sun is going down behind the mountains, and withdrawing the light, that warmed and inspired him, and he turns a lingering eye, as the bright orb dips behind the far peak, and the yellow light streams up its last flash, and gives its last gilding to the rocks and forests; and he looks long and fondly on the amber circle, that crowns the place of setting, and the gay clouds, that burn in the clear flame of evening; then he sees a deep red stain hang around the western ridges, and it fades into a cold violet, and grows fainter and fainter, till the general blue closes over the darkened summits; then the stars come out on their night-watch, and the sky looks black and comfortless around them; the north wind begins to whistle among the pines and stinted cedars, and his blood grows chill, his heart sinks, and the bright visions of his soul are darkened; then he hears the increasing call of hunger, his spirit becomes lifeless and barren, and opens to all the cold realities of life, and he would fain descend to the homeliest cot, and the rudest shelter, and sit down by the fire of the coarsest woodman, to receive his cynic welcome, and partake of his hard fare, and his boisterous hospitality; and then he sees, that the finest and the richest minds must at once bid adieu to life and all its pleasures, or be content to share in its toils, and buffet its billows.

PRINTING-OFFICE,

No. [illegible] QUEEN-STREET,

CHARLESTON, S.C.

[illegible]

[illegible]

PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

[illegible]

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

LAW BLANKS,

LABELS,

WITH

Neatness, Accuracy, and Despatch

[illegible]

[illegible]

CLIO.

BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

No. II.

[illegible] — BOILEAU.

NEW-HAVEN:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY A. CONVERSE.

1822.

CLIO.

BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

No. II.

Qui ne sait se borner, ne sut jamais ecrire.—BOILEAU.

NEW-HAVEN:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. CONVERSE.

1822.

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fifth day of July, in the forty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, *James G. Percival*, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

"CLIO. By JAMES G. PERCIVAL. No. II.
Qui ne sait se borner, ne sut jamais ecrire.—Boileau."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

CHA'S. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,
CHA'S. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

PREFACE.

WHEN I gave the first number of CLIO to the public, I did not pledge myself to issue a second; but I have allowed a sufficient quantity of passing effusions to accumulate upon me, to induce me to publish this second and *positively* last number. I do not feel myself called upon to detail my reasons for abandoning this undertaking. It is not worth while to answer before questioned. Others may not feel such an interest in the continuance of this work as to demand the causes of its termination; and I really do not wish to draw out my own private feelings from the retirement of my bosom. Henceforth no collection of fugitive pieces shall appear under my name. If it is again obtruded on the public, it shall be in a work of a regular, extended and matured plan.

In the former preface I offered a few observations on the nature and uses of Poetry. I shall now continue them, not as specimens of critical disquisition, but as simple expressions of my own views and feelings. There has lately been an interesting

controversy on this subject; and even now the lovers of poetry, and pretenders to taste, are arranged under different standards. Some dwell on the rich fancy, the deep feeling, the strong passion, and the vivid imagery of the early school of the days of Elizabeth. They readily pardon their negligence and occasional coarseness, their contempt of all the rules of rhetoric, and the improbabilities of their fictions, for the deep and rich vein, that shines through them. Others take Pope and Campbell for their standards. The smoothness of their versification, the perfect correctness and propriety of their language, the fastidiousness of their taste, and their regular chime of thought and measure, constitute, with this class of amateurs, the *ne plus ultra* of poetic excellence.

Of these two classes, I confess myself most attached to the former. I look upon Poetry as an art, whose charm lies in the exhibition of vivid imagery, new, varied, beautiful and sublime; and in appeals to the simple affections of the heart. The Poet, if we follow the etymology of the word, is a creator; one, who fashions from the stores of his memory, images, of which earth furnishes no reality; and who combines them into groupes, which have an existence only in the imaginary world, he has charmed into being. He gives to his conceptions a visible form of beauty or of power, and ani-

mates them with a fire from heaven, beaming forth in their eyes and features, like the sweet flow of light from a lamp in a vase of alabaster; or flashing abroad, in the kindlings of emotion, like the fount, from which it was stolen. He takes you to the retirement of sensibility, and recals to you all its nice and tender touches of character, and plays upon the springs, which call forth those feelings of happy sorrow, which move us in our sympathies with others, which are always delightful, because they seem to us holy, and are always welcomed, as the surest evidence, that nature is concealed within us. Every tear, that is shed then, is to us a treasure; for it flows from a fountain, in which, we imagine, angels might wash, and be purer. Even when he becomes the hierophant of nature, and leads us to contemplate the great principles of our being; when he is simply didactic, and his great object is the display of philosophic truth, he does not depart from his peculiar character. Every principle becomes with him a personification, and the great doctrines of science pass before him, as so many beings endowed with life and majesty and beauty.

Nature is the charm of poetry, and not art. We ask for something in it which can stir and elevate, or melt and soothe us. The feeling of delight, when we meet with one of those effusions, which genius sent forth, when the living spirit overshadowed it.

when fancy put on its best attire, and the heart was tuned to its sweetest harmony; this feeling, which defies the power of language to describe it; which is indeed a holy and inspired delirium, is the only test of true excellence in poetry. And it is this, which invests poetry with its sacred character; for it is the feeling of infancy and childhood; of those years, on which we look as a dear delightful dream, whose sunny spots we select as the very paradise of our being, which become the favourite contemplation of the mind that has seen all its early illusions vanish, and finds nothing but bare reality around it, and which it is ever sending forward to form the fairest and loveliest adornments of the unchanging abode, to which it is advancing.

It is well to combine the perfections of art with the enchantments of nature; but I still think poetic beauty is loveliest, when least adorned. You may study all the laws of versification, and all the rules of metaphor; you may write in lines of surpassing melody, and figures so exact, that the nicest microscope of criticism could not find in them a flaw; yet without "the thoughts, that breathe, and the words that burn," they are like those pieces of music, which flow through the ear, and leave no impression behind them; which are remembered only for a moment, as sounds that were soft and pleasant, but touched no chord in the bosom; while the po-

etry of nature, be it but a single conception, finds at once its home in the heart, is cherished there with a passionate devotion, and needs only the faintest tone of its music, to awaken it in all the charms of its earliest loveliness. I do not mean to say any thing against Pope and Campbell. But surely the sweetness of their versification, and the nice polish of their language, cannot be considered as giving them the high rank, they hold in English poetry. They have taken their proud station there, because they held a pen which could give life and vividness to their images, and call up at once their creations in all the distinctness of reality. Therefore it is, that the dress, they have so carefully wrought, is so attractive; for it is the investment of an unaffected and living beauty. Whenever they depart from this, and Pope repeatedly does, all their melody and correctness do not conceal the deformity of thought, that lurks behind them. Miserable indeed must be the mind, that would weigh syllables against sentiment, and decide the fate of a truly pathetic effusion, because there was a want of exact harmony in its lines. The great desideratum of poetry, is the inspiration, the *mens divinior*, which leads you away from the book, you are reading, and carries you to some actual scene of sublimity or beauty; which sets before you in colours, that cannot be doubted, the

dance or the battle; the valley winding away in the loveliness of its flowers and verdure, between banks of elms and maples; the lake reposing in the stillness of evening, and sheeted with the gilding of sunset; the volcano rising from among cities and vineyards, crowned with "its cloud by day and its pillar of fire by night;" or the mountain, invested with the purity of eternal snow, and ascending with the majesty of a monarch, till it gains a height where it no longer seems a portion of earth, but a cloud of glory suspended in the heavens. The works of a poet, who adds correctness to richness of fancy and tenderness of feeling, and who kindles up all with a glow of enthusiasm, are like an elegant figure of polished spar, bright with the irradiations of a fire within it. But if there be nothing but a faultless style and a smooth flow of sounds, we may read on, page after page, without a single emotion, lulled as effectually as we should be by the quiet lapse of whispering waters.

But while I stand forth as the advocate of bold and spirited poetry, and profess myself willing to set off against occasional negligences, those redeeming flashes of pure and glowing thought, whose excellence cannot be questioned; I would myself aim to avoid those extremes which have always led minds of more correctness than fire, to settle down in the cold medium. We should neither adopt the licen-

tious richness of oriental imagery, nor those general expressions, which represent no individuality. Every object should be described by a few of its strongest characters, but there should be a specific difference. We should not simply sketch the visible forms of objects, but we should animate them; for all things are living to the poetic eye. We should make every object the residence of a spirit, that can commune with us in our thoughts and feelings, and we should link it to the chain of our associations; but at the same time, we should not allow this to be an excuse for a conceit, nor suffer it to degenerate into sickly sentimentalism. The Orientals have overloaded their pieces with a profusion of ornament, and an accumulation of minute details; while the Greeks sketched their pictures with a few bold strokes. The ancients presented the grand and simple outlines of nature, adorned indeed with their beautiful mythology; but they rarely connected external nature with their own emotions: while, at this time, every object calls up a sentiment, and the beings around us become only the cues of a reflection or a moral. There is, however, little danger of error, when the mind is deeply engaged, and alive to the importance of its subject; and after all, the best way to succeed is to think, not how, but what we would say.

In all nations, in the infancy of literature, poetry is rude in structure, but full in inspiration. Men have then much of the feeling of childhood. Every thing leaves a vivid impression, and kindles the mind, of more than common susceptibility, to an ecstacy of emotion. Objects strike so deeply as to rivet the attention solely upon them, and hence every image stands by itself distinct and individual. There is a quick perception of the stronger outlines, but there is no microscopic searching after concealed beauties. They see with an unprejudiced eye, and therefore they see and feel many things, that escape our systematic investigation; and what they see, is appropriated. But, vivid as their conceptions are, like all in the infancy of mind, they are wanting in powers of language. They are only beginners in the art of selecting and combining words. Hence a taste, that has long been trained to delicacy and exactness, will find much in them to shock it; unwieldy expressions and rude epithets, discordant rhymes and broken measures; but the feeling and natural heart will find its attention riveted, its passions kindled, and its tears elicited, in spite of itself. These are the tributes of nature unfettered by art. They are the weapons by which taste, with all its refinement, is forced to confess the omnipotence of untaught feeling. In the early age of poetry, it is the quick burst of emotion, that

cannot be restrained; the gushings of a heart, full to overflowing. Be it gaiety or sorrow, delight or indignation, the tongue is eloquent, and the eye beaming with expression. Smiles are then unforced, and bright as the sun on curling waters. Tears are then pure, and flowing from the deepest fountain of the heart. They look then on all that is pleasant, with the delighted gaze of boyhood, when his eye first catches a new and brilliant spectacle. They mingle with the loveliness of nature, and become a portion of its hills, its woods, and its waters. They kindle, at the sight of baseness or cruelty, with the sparkling energy of a lion. They are ready to stand in the front ranks of danger, and to show forth, in fearless action, the spirit that is burning within them. Love, the great inspirer of all that is noble,—the chief excitant to our highest and brightest efforts, is then passion, not art. Its language is that universal dialect of looks and actions, which is the same every where; not the artful leer, the counterfeited sigh, and the false tone of languishment. When the emotions are thus living, the incoherent language in which they are imbodied, has its charms. It can at least interest us, and is worth whole volumes of faultless insipidity. But there is an interval between the first dawnings, and the full brightness of a national literature, when the freshness of early feeling still continues, but

when art has begun its refinements. These first efforts of art are characterised too often by a childish playfulness, and all the tricks of figure and versification. Conceits, brilliant indeed, but far-sought; puns and quibbles, delightful to minds that meet only to laugh and be merry; alliterations, acrostics, double and entangled rhymes, and every variety of jingling melody are then cultivated and admired. These are loved and sought for a time, and then taste assumes her empire. Every thing must then submit to the rigid laws of criticism. The long and patient application of the *labor limæ* is then the first precept inculcated on the youthful poet, and the laurel is conferred, not on him whose soaring is loftiest, but on him who is most unwearied in his corrections. This is necessary to prune away juvenile luxuriances, and to give smoothness, compactness, and propriety to language. But when art has furnished its perfectest models, and poetic diction has been carried to its acme of improvement, then poets should return to nature, if they would aim to command the public mind. The refinements of poetry can be truly relished only by the cultivated; the happy expression of natural feeling finds a responding voice in all whose hearts have not been polluted by depravity. To the refined, natural tenderness and beauty can be no objection, but surely a high improvement. With those who judge only

from their own emotions, polished language and versification, if not fully appreciated, will always be preferred to doggrel. The highest interest of a poet who aims at distinction, is then to write only, when he feels inspired, when his subject has gained full possession of him, and has wrought him up to that state of excitement, where the visions of his fancy stand before him in living beauty. Then, if he be sufficiently prepared in the art, his language will flow abroad without effort, and the light of his soul will pervade every line and syllable. Such a poet, if he is endowed with the true spirit of genius, can hardly err. But it is time to close this preface, and pass from precept to example.

CLIO.

SONNET.

Would I were but a spirit, veil'd in light,
  Wafted, by winds of heaven, from flower to flower,
  Catching, from bending blades, the crystal shower,
When earth, impearl'd, awaken'd new and bright;
Would I were set to guide some rolling sphere,
  Amid the glories of eternal day,
  Hymning aloud a sweet celestial lay,
That immortality alone can hear;
Would I were but the messenger of love,
  To bear, from soul to kindred soul, the sigh,
  To kiss the tears that fall from beauty's eye,
And watch the ring-dove in the lonely grove;
Then sounds of melody might ever flow
From lips, that with the fire of feeling glow.

Oh Evening! thou art lovely—in thy dress
Of sober grey I woo thee, when thy star
Comes o'er the hazy hills, that rise afar,
When tender thoughts upon my spirit press,

And with the whispering gales and fanning airs
The quiet swelling of my bosom pairs;
And by the lake that lieth motionless,
Low in the secret hollow, where the shade,
By bending elms and drooping willows made,
Displays its peaceful canopy, and gives
A moving picture to the lymph below,
Where float the sapphire sky, the clouds of snow,
The evening streaks, and every swarm, that lives
And murmurs in the dun air, and the leaves,
That quiver in the breath of night, and shine
With slowly gathered drops, and boughs that play,
Rising and falling gently, he, who grieves
For some deep-wounding sorrow, as is mine,
In such a lonely shade his head may lay,
And on the scented grass and flowers recline,
And gaze upon the lingering light of day.

Star of the pensive! "melancholy Star,"
That, from the bosom of the deep ascending,
Shines on the curling waves, like mourner bending
Over the ruins of the joys that were;
Or lone deserted mother sweetly tending
Her hush'd babe in its cradle, often blending
Her plaintive song and sigh repress'd—sweet star!
I love the eye, that looks on me so far
From all this want, and wretchedness, and woe.

From out that home of pure serenity
Above the winds and clouds—When tempests blow,
The sailor through the darkness looks to thee—
Thou art the star of love, and fond hearts gaze
With feeling awe upon thy trembling rays,
And dream that other eyes are resting there;
And O! what light around the bosom plays,
When dwelling on the beautiful and fair,
We think that eyes belov'd those beauties share.

Empress of Night! I saw thee through the rack,
That *fleec'd** the face of heaven, careering by,
And launch again upon a cloudless sky,
A beam of glory setting in thy track;
Like vessel in her course along the sea,
Now voyaging through islands, now away
On the wide ocean, in her liberty
Rejoicing; or like falcon on her wing
Skirting the mountain shadows, as they fling
Gloom o'er the world beneath them, now at play,
On broad exulting pinions, in the clear
Blue noon-vault, where nor speck nor mist appear,
And bathing in the deepest flood of day—
So seem'd thy round full orb to hold its flight,

* I have used this word in a new sense, but easily understood, presume.

Ascending proudly to its highest throne,
Mellowing the dun obscurity of night,
And walking in its majesty alone;
Now through its waving veil of white clouds beaming
With softer light, now pouring on their snow,
Floating like heaps of foam, an iris glow;
Now from a narrow rift in glory streaming
With column'd rays, as when through arches shine
Thy beams on some loop'd wall or broken shrine,
That prouder swell in thy uncertain gleaming;
And now undimm'd, unshrouded, on the high
O'erbending vault of sapphire, as an eye
Soothing the brow of heav'n, it pours abroad
Brightness o'er vale and mountain, gilds the rock,
Silvers the winding river, tips the wave
With flowing amber, where its foam-wreaths lave
The ocean's bulwark, seeming to unlock
The pure and calm benignity of GOD.

"O! there is bliss in tears"—in tears, that flow
From out a heart, where tender feelings dwell,
That heaveth, with involuntary swell
Of joy or grief, for others' weal or woe—
The highest pleasures fortune can bestow,
The proudest deeds, that victory can tell,
The charms that beauty weaveth in her spell,
These holy, happy tears how far below :

Yes, I would steal me from life's gaudy show,
And seek a covert in a silent shade,
And where the cheating lights of being glow,
See glory after glory dimly fade,
And knowing all my brighter visions o'er,
Deep in my bosom's core my sorrows lay,
And thence the fountains of repentance pour,
Gush after gush, in purer streams away.

Star of the dewy morning—from thy sphere
Of light and purity, before the hue
Of dawn has ting'd thy lofty throne of blue,
Before the purple, gold and crimson stain
The soft transparence of that heavenly plain,
Before the warbling birds salute the ear,
While yet the hills are dark, before the glow
Irradiates yon aerial peak of snow,
And paints the floating clouds, and dies their veil,
That with the wind swells, like the ruby sail
Of Nautilus, who skims along the deep,
Ere yet the mustering winds the mirror sweep—
Star of the dewy morning—by thy ray
I love to brush the pearls, that gem the lawn,
The while I hasten, ere the bars are drawn,
That close the portals of approaching day,
From yonder hill to view the smiling dawn
Shine on the living landscape's proud array;

And while those flashes from the orient play,
Thou sparklest now intensely, now thy beam
Scatters a feebler radiance on the stream,
And as the Sun's bright herald gaily flushes,
And from the deep stain'd windows of the morn
The rosy nymph of light and darkness born
In all the glow of youth and beauty blushes,
Thy faint and fainter twinkling dies away:
So, when through life's chill night we journey on
Following the star-like beacon in the skies,
Till as the long and weary way is done,
At once the doors of heaven before us rise,
A wave of glory from the Eternal Sun,
The beaming welcome of the Holy One,
Mingles with Love's angelic harmonies.

Bow of the fabled Huntress—who on high,
Thron'd in the bright meridian, bend'st thy arch
Toward Day's beaming chariot on its march
Of triumph o'er this pure autumnal sky,
Which, mantled in a soft cerulean dye,
Encircles Nature with its crystal dome,
And, like the matchless pantheon of Rome,
Shows in its perfect sphere one only eye—
I mark thy silver crescent purely white
Inlaying yon sublimest azure, where
Clear and transparent as the viewless air,

l like the empyrean pavement bright and fair,
ands the softest tinctur'd arch of light—
ntly amid this canopy of blue
r maiden brightness sweetly trembles through
e golden glories of the Orb of day—
soon thy sparkling circlet in the west,
en following, as thou now lead'st on the way,
ll glitter on the ocean's glassy breast,
l on the mountain's mellow summit play,
l with the star of beauty by thy side
nind yon waving ridge of cedars glide
enely to the palace of thy rest.

---

e laurel throws its locks around thy grave
freshly, as when erst thou linger'd there,
d pluck'd the early flowers to crown thy hair,
gather'd cresses from the glassy wave,
at winds through hills of olive, vine, and grain.
aling away from Vaucluse' lonely dell,
w murmuring scantily, now in the swell
April foaming onward to the plain—
ura! thy consecrated bough is bright,
when thy Petrarch tun'd his soft lute by,
d lit his torch in that dissolving light,
hich darted from his only Sun—thine eye;
y leaf is still as green, thy flower as gay.
y berry of as deep a tint, as when

Thou mov'd a Goddess in the walks of Men,
And o'er thy poet held unbounded sway—
Methinks I hear, as from the hills descend
The deep'ning shadows and the blue smoke curls,
And waving forests with the light winds bend,
And flows the brook in softer leaps and whirls—
Methinks I hear that voice of love complaining,
In faint and broken accents, of his hours
Of lonely sorrow, and of thy disdaining
And half averted glances, till the bowers
Are pregnant with the hymn, and every rose
With fresher dew, as if in weeping, flows,
And every lily seems to wear a hue
Of paler tenderness, and deeper glows
The pink's carnation, and a purer blue
Melts on the modest rosemary, the wind
Whispers a sweeter echo, and the stream
Spouts stiller from its well ; while from behind
The snow-clad alpine summits rolls the moon,
Careering onward to her cloudless noon,
In fullest orb of silver, and her beam
Casts o'er the vale long shadows from the pine,
The rock, the spire, the castle, and away,
Beyond thy towers, Avignon! proudly shine
The broad Rhone's foaming channels, in their pla
Thro' green and willow'd islands, while they swe
Descending on their bold, resistless way,
And heaving high their crest in wild array,
With all a torrent's grandeur to the deep.

A REVERY.

I saw a neat white cottage by a rill,
A limpid rill, that wound along a glade,
Curling and flashing to the Sun; a shade
Of willows brooded over it; a hill,
Not distant, heav'd its fresh green slope, and smil'd
With daisies and with dandelions; oft
I wander'd through such meadows, when a child,
And lov'd the turf below, the sky aloft,
So softly green, so clearly, purely blue;
And as the mild wind, breathing odours, flew
Serenely through the grass tufts, and the crown
Of dandelions fill'd the fields with down,
Or some gay butterfly, on velvet wing,
Flitted around me, in the hearty glee
Of youth just bursting out of infancy,
And nerv'd with all the buoyancy of Spring;
Wild as the courser, when he bounds away,
And gives his graceful limbs their freest play,
And perks his ears, and waves his flowing tail,
His broad mane proudly heaving on the gale,
Now stops—now with keen neigh and flashing eye,
Leaps like the winds, and scours and gallops by—
So, in the bloom of early life, I flew,
Where'er the insect rov'd, the feather blew,
For ever cheated, and for ever still,
The creature of a wild and reckless will,
Pursuing after bees and flowers anew—

I saw that neat white cottage, and I thought,
That was the shelter I so long had sought,
And there with one companion I might rest
My weary head on humble quiet's breast;
And see the Year come forth, and dress her bower,
And o'er the lattice weave her veil of flowers;
And now, in playful wandering, down the stream,
Follow its mazy bend, and in a dream
Of holy musing, on its banks of thyme
Reposing, listen to its simple chime
Through glossy pebbles, over pearly shells;
And stealing through the sunny meadow, cull
And crown our tresses with the lilies' bells,
And with geraniums fill our bosoms full;
And then return, and seated by the door,
The scarlet woodbine flaunting over head,
Recount our gather'd stores of Nature o'er,
From flower to flower by sweet enchantment led;
And then go back to ages past, and dwell
With Contemplation in her holy cell;
And turning o'er the treasures of the mind,
Talk with the great, the witty, the refin'd,
And kindle with the ardent: smile and laugh
With Butler and Cervantes; deeply quaff
Rich streams of inspiration from the fount,
That flow'd on Zion and Aonia's mount;
Hang on the tender tale with melting eye,
Hour after hour unnotic'd stealing by;
Or with the Patriot rising, feel the swell

Of indignation heaving in the breast,
And weeping go to Marathon and dwell
On barrows, where the brave unhonour'd rest ;—
And from the kindled altar take the coal,
That fires the lip, and animates the soul,
And mounting upwards on a seraph's wing,
Break from this feeble tenement of clay,
And rapt in reveries of glory spring,
Singing and soaring, to eternal day.

MOTHERLESS infant, to the quiet sleep
Of early death descending—thou wilt die,
As others sink in slumber, and wilt lie
Ere long within thy narrow grave—to weep
For those, who fall like thee, befits not—tears
Are shed on those, whom we have watch'd for years,
Who, in our yielding hearts, have planted deep
The rivets of affection—thou art fair,
And pure as rock sprung fountains, where they well
Beneath o'erarching roots, and scatter there
Light bubbling dews—pale infant, thou canst tell
Of pain, but thou art silent, for thy heart
Is calm ; Remorse has never barb'd a dart
To sting and tear thy vitals—for to thee
Regret can never come, and thou wilt part
With being, as a lock would fall from me—
Thine eyes are clos'd, thy lip is still and pale,

Thy cheek is deadly wan, or faintly flush'd
With hectic gushings; all thy cries are hush'd,
Thy breath is silent, as the summer gale
Stealing through wither'd roses—thou wilt die,
And never know the thousand ills, which wait
The fairest and the brightest, and thine eye
No bitter tears will scald—thy early fate
Is dealt to thee in mercy; thou wilt go,
Unstain'd, unspotted, to a better state,
And though thy scanty pilgrimage below
Was weary, often painful, it was free
From *all those stings, which long have tortur'd me.*

Image of calm devotion—oh thy brow
The peace of heaven is brooding, and thine eye
Is lifted to its glories; deeply thou
Hast drank of its pure fountain; therefore now
Thy thoughts are center'd in the world on high.
Silently, as the midnight hours steal by,
Thy watch is on the firmament—and there
Thou seest the hills of heaven in prospect lie,
As on the passing gale the light clouds fly,
And heave their fleecy folds, like curls of air,
So thin and so transparent is their veil;
Or dost thou mark some white-wing'd angel sail
Slowly athwart the moon-beam, shining through
His spiritual form in every lovely hue;

Or do more gentle thoughts than these prevail,
And is there in that fairy sky a bower
Sacred to love and friendship, where the heart
May all its uncheck'd tenderness impart,
And feel again the bliss of that fond hour,
When first affection budded, and its bloom
Open'd to Suns and Zephyrs, still and warm,
Ere chill'd and wither'd by that coming storm,
Of all our brightest hopes the common doom.—
Young as thou art, thy heart must surely know
Bitter and keen-felt sorrows, for the tear
Is brimming on thine eye-lids, and their flow
Has stain'd thy cheeks—I look, and seem to hear
From trembling lips a tone, that winds its way
Into my sympathising heart—how fair
Thy soft cherubic features; they were seen
By feeling Fancy in its peopled air,
That teems with all of beauty that hath been—
Backward in waving ringlets flows thy hair
Of auburn glossiness; thy brow of snow,
Smoother than sculptur'd marble, full and high,
And crowning with its graceful curve thine eye
Pregnant with thought and feeling, and its glow
When kindled, like a blade of temper'd steel;
Those lips, that move so touchingly, and send
Persuasion to the listening youth, and blend
In rapid flow their smiles and tremblings—all
Around thy face so Grecian and so holy,
That as I gaze upon its charms, I feel
My rising heart swell with the tears, that fall

In tender, but delightful Melancholy—
Such tears are of a holy kind, that shed
Brightness on those, who weep them, like the veil
Of dewy light, whose liquid lustre throws
A clearer tint of beauty on the rose,
Or like the folds of morning mist, that sail
In Iris pomp around the mountain's head.
With thy pure spirit, thy enchanted eye
Reading the vision'd loveliness of air,
The bright celestial forms, that wander there,
And often sweep with sounding pinion by;
With thy soft bosom, melting at the tone
Of tender, fond entreaty, burning still
To reach with tireless step the golden throne,
That truth has planted on her holy hill—
With one so fair, so sweet, and yet so high
In all her aspirations, I could blend
Thought, wish, and feeling—Time might hasten by,
And age invade us, Love could never end.

SONNETS.

Winter is now around me, and the snow
  Has thrown its mantle over herb, tree, flower;
  The icicle has tapestried the bower,
And in a crystal sheet the rivers flow;
And mustering from the north, at evening, blow

The hollow winds, and through the star-lit hour,
Shake from the icy wood a rattling shower,
That tinkles on the glassy crust below;
And Morning rises in a saffron glow,
Pouring her splendour through the fretted grove
In tints, that round the heart enchantment throw,
Like what the Graces in their girdle wove;
And shining on the mountain's frosted brow,
That o'er the gilded landscape looks afar,
Her kindling beams the virgin mantle strow
With drops of gold, that twinkle like a star.

Its bitterness the heart alone can know—
The blight—the death of hope, and love, and fame;
The fire, that all can dim, and none can tame;
Departed peace, which time can ne'er bestow;
The tender feeling of unsullied years,
When earth and heaven are beautiful and bright,
When nothing dims the eye's serenest light,
And life is fairer seen through innocent tears—
O! who would wear the tedious years away,
That hang around us, like a rusted chain,
Clinging the closer each dull, joyless day,
And printing all its links in scars of pain—
O! who can feel this bitterness of heart,
This death-like chill, that curdles all the soul,
This ever-writhing round a venom'd dart,
Nor keenly wish to reach life's final goal.

What bird can sing, when storms are in the sky,
  When flowers and verdure from the turf are gone;
  How can the nighted traveller carol on
When winds are loud, and lightning flashes by;
How can the lip smile, when all prospects die,
  When earth is but one cold and lifeless waste;
And how can pleasure brighten up the eye,
  When hope has, like a lovely night-dream, pass'd—
When days are lingering onward dark and slow,
  And suns arise, but brightly shine no more;
When gloom has cover'd all, that charm'd below,
  And nothing lures us on, when life is o'er;
The heart has then no fountain of delight,
  The eye has then no spirit to illume,
A worse than death has wither'd with its blight
  All hope's fair visions, and all fancy's bloom.

The blue heaven spreads before me, with its keen
  And countless eyes of brightness—worlds are there—
  The boldest spirit cannot spring and dare
The peopled universe, that burns between
This earth and Nothing.—Thought can wing its way
Swifter than lightning flashes, or the beam,
That hastens on the pinions of the morn;
But quicker than the glowing dart of day,

It tires and faints along the starry stream,
A wave of suns through boundless ether borne.—
Though infinite, eternal! yet one power
Sits on the Almighty centre, whither tend
All worlds and beings from time's natal hour,
Till suns and all their satellites shall end.

Dark maid of Yemen! from the tufted grove
Of date-trees, full in bloom, at sun-set glowing,
And o'er the drifted sand their shadow throwing—
Maid of the flashing eye, that kindles love,
Go with me now to yonder myrtle bower,
That flings its perfume on the deep-green wave,
And gathering from the desert every flower,
Bind in their sweetest links thy willing slave—
Bring snowy rings from beds of coffee, twine
The myrrh and cassia round my offer'd arms;
O! let the red-rose blend its freshest charms,
And all its breathing odours now be thine—
Maid of the glossy brow, the swelling cheek
Clear as the juice, that ripens in the rind
Of Granatine, whose locks flow on the wind,
Like the light-streaming clouds, that often streak
The pure sky of thy country—Maid! whose tone
Tells of a heart that beats with keenest thrill,
Whose glances burn, like serpent eyes, that kill—

O! Maid of Yemen, loose thy girded zone,
And spread abroad thy beauty, now the hour
Of tender thought steals on, and we are met
In loneliness and freedom, when the Power,
That sported erst amid the Grecian isles,
Against our hearts his point of flame has set,
And, as he twangs his burning bow-string, smiles.

Fair, as the first blown rose—but O! as fleeting,
  Soft, as the down upon a cygnet's breast,
Sweet, as the air, when gales and flowers are meeting,
  Bright, as the jewel on a sultan's vest,
Dear, as the infant smiling when caress'd,
  Mild, as the wind, at dawn in April, blowing,
Calm, as the innocent heart—and O! as blest,
  Pure, as the spring from mountain granite flowing,
Gay, as the tulip in its starr'd bed glowing,
  As clouds, that curtain round the west at even,
O'er earth a canopy of glory throwing,
  And heralding the radiant path to heaven.

Sweet, as the sound, when waves, in calm, retreating,
  Roll back, in gurgling ripples, from the shore,
When in the curling well still waters meeting,
  Clear, from the spout, the molten crystal pour;
Sweet, as at distance heard the cascade's roar,
  Or ocean on the lone rock faintly dashing,
Or dying thunders, when the storm is o'er,

And dim-seen lightnings far away are flashing;
Sweet, as when spring is garlanding the trees,
The birds in all the flush of life are singing,
And as the light leaves twinkle in the breeze,
The woods with melody and joy are ringing,
When beds of mint and flowering fields of clover
Are redolent of nature's balmiest store,
And the cool wind, from rivers, hurries over
And gathers sweets, that Hybla never bore.

Fair, as the cloudless moon o'er night presiding,
When earth, and sea, and air are hush'd and still,
Along the burning dome of nature riding,
Crowning with liquid lustre rock and hill,
Pencilling with her silver beam the rill,
That o'er the wave-worn marble falling plays,
Sheeting with light the cascade at the mill,
And paving ocean with her tremulous rays,
Through the clos'd lids of dewy violets stealing,
And gemming, with clear drops, the mead and grove;
Such is the light, the native heart of feeling
Throws round the stainless object of his love.

Flower of a Southern garden! newly blowing,
Fair as a lily bending on its stem,
Whose curl'd and yellow locks, in ringlets flowing,
Need not the lustre of a diadem;

Than all the wealth of Ind, a brighter gem;
  Than all the pearls, that bud in Oman's sea,
Than all the corals waving over them,
  Purer the living light that circles thee;
And through thy tender cheek's transparency
  The vermeil tint of life is lightly flushing,
Or, at the faintest touch of modesty,
  In one deep crimson tide is wildly rushing;
Like rose leaves, when the morning's breath is brushing
  Away the seeds of pearl the night-cloud shed,
So thy twin opening lips are purely blushing,
  Ripe with the softest dew and clearest red;
Purer, than crystal in its virgin bed,
  Than fountains bubbling in a granite cave,
Than sheeted snow, that wraps a mountain's head,
  Or lilies glancing through a stainless wave,
Purer the snow, that mantles o'er thy breast,
  And rests upon thy forehead—O! with thee
The hours might flit away so sweetly blest,
  That time would melt into eternity.

Go with me to the desert loneliness
  Of forest and of mountain—we will share
The joys, that only purify and bless,
  And make a paradise of feeling there;
And daily thou shalt be more sweet and fair,
  And still shalt take a more celestial hue,
Like spirits melting in the midway air,
  Till lost and blended in the arch of blue:
Alone, not lonely, we will wander through

Thickets of blooming shrubs and mantling vines,
Happy as bees amid the summer dew,
Or song-birds, when the fresh spring morning shines;
And when departing life shall wing its flight,
And render back the gift that God has given,
Be then to me a seraph form of light,
And bear my fleeting soul away to Heaven.

Rose of my heart! I've rais'd for thee a bower,
For thee have bent the pliant osier round,
For thee have carpeted with turf the ground,
And train'd a canopy to shield thy flower,
So that the warmest sun can have no power
To dry the dew from off thy leaf, and pale
Thy living carmine, but a woven veil
Of full-green vines shall guard from heat and shower—
Rose of my heart! here, in this dim alcove,
No worm shall nestle, and no wandering bee
Shall suck thy sweets, no blight shall wither thee,
But thou shalt show the freshest hue of love.
Like the red stream, that from Adonis flowed,
And made the snow carnation, thou shalt blush,
And fays shall wander from their bright abode
To flit enchanted round thy loaded bush.
Bowed with thy fragrant burden, thou shalt bend
Thy slender twigs and thorny branches low:
Vermilion and the purest foam shall blend;
These shall be pale, and those in youth's first glow:

Their tints shall form one sweetest harmony,
  And on some leaves the damask shall prevail,
Whose colours melt, like the soft symphony
  Of flutes and voices in the distant dale.
The bosom of that flower shall be as white,
  As hearts, that love, and love alone, are pure,
Its tip shall blush, as beautiful and bright,
As are the gayest streaks of dawning light,
  Or rubies set within a brimming ewer—
Rose of my heart! there thou shalt ever bloom,
  Safe in the shelter of my perfect love,
And when they lay thee in the dark cold tomb,
  I'll find thee out a better bower above.

I am the light fantastic queen of flowers;
  I call the wind-rose from its bed of snow,
I pour upon the springing turf soft showers,
  I paint the buds of jasmine, when they blow,
I give the violet leaf its tender blue,
  I dip its cup in night's unsullied tears,
So that it shines with richer glances through,
  Like beauty heighten'd by a maiden's fears;
Around the elm's green arch I freely twine
The wooing tendrils of the clasping vine,
And when the vernal air is fresh with dew,
  And the new sward with drops bedighted o'er,
I lend the butter-cup its golden hue,
  That glitters like a leaf of molten ore;

I dress the lily in its veil of lawn
  Whiter than foam upon the crested wave,
  Pure as the spirit parted from its grave,
When every stain, that earth had left, is gone,
Shining beneath the mellow sun of May,
  Like pearls fresh-gather'd from their glossy shells,
Or tints, that on the pigeon's plumage play,
  When fill'd with love his tender bosom swells;
I throw Aurora o'er the cup of gold,
  The tulip lifts to catch the tears of heaven,
Gay as the cloud, whose ever-changing fold
  Heralds the dawn, and proudly curtains even;
I take the rainbow, as it glides away
  To mingle with the pure unshaded sky,
And melting in one drop its bright array,
  I pour it in the crown-imperial's eye;
I weave the silken fringe, that, as a vest,
  Mantles the *fleur de lys* in glossy down,
I scatter gold spots on its open breast,
  And lift in slender points of blue its crown:
I am the light fantastic queen of flowers,
  My bed is in the bosom of a rose,
And there I sweetly dream the moonlight hours,
  While vermil curtains round my pillow close.

I am the spirit of the viewless air,
  Upon the rolling clouds I plant my throne,

I move serenely, when the fleet winds bear
  My palace in its flight, from zone to zone;
High on the mountain top I sit alone,
  Shrouding behind a veil of night my form,
And when the trumpet of assault has blown,
  Career upon the pinions of the storm;
By me the gales of morning sweetly blow,
  Waving, along the bank, the bending flowers,
'Tis at my touch, the clouds dissolving flow,
  When flitting o'er the sky, in silent showers;
I send the breeze to play among the bowers,
  And curl the light-green ripples on the lake,
I call the sea-wind in the sultry hours,
  And all his train of gentle airs awake;
I lead the zephyr on the dewy lawn
  To gather up the pearls that speck it o'er,
And when the coolness of the night has gone,
  I send it, where the willows crown the shore;
I sit within the circle of the moon,
  When the fair planet smiles, and brightly throws
Around the radiance of her clearest noon,
  Till every cloud, that passes by her, glows,
When folds of fleecy vapour hang the sky,
  Borne on the night-wind through the silent air,
And as they float, the stars seem rushing by,
  And the moon glides away in glory there;
I lead the wild fowl, when his untried wing
  Boldly ascends the vernal arch of blue,
Before him on his airy path I fling
  A magic light, that safely guides him through,

When lost in distant haze, I send his cry,
  Floating in mellow tones along the wind,
Then like a speck of light he hurries by,
  And hills, and woods, and lakes are left behind;
When clouds are gathering, or when whirlwinds blow,
  When heaven is dark with storms, or brightly fair,
Where'er the viewless waves of ether flow,
  Calm, or in tempest rolling, I am there.

FREEDOM.

O! THOU, who dwelt in loftiness,
  Ere man had learn'd to fall;
Ere penury drank, in bitterness,
  Its wormwood and its gall;
Ere wealth had rear'd its golden piles,
  Where nations bow the knee;
But health, all radiant o'er with smiles,
  Made man unbent and free.

Thou Spirit! who pervad'st the wild
  And desert wilderness;
But in thy wrath hast never smil'd,
  Where crouching thousands press;
Who, through the danger and the dread,
  The high-soul'd hero bore,
Unshook by fear, by glory led,
  Through battle's deepest roar.

O! thou wilt never come and dwell,
  Where men in cities throng;
Where heartless pimps, in triumph, swell,
  To power, a pæan song:
Thou shun'st the base and crawling herd;
  The desert is thy home;
And with the pinions of a bird,
  Thou only there wilt roam.

O Spirit! take me then with thee,
  Where winds of ocean blow;
Till life, replete with ecstacy,
  To inspiration glow:
O! let me wander freely there,
  Till death my being sever;
Then through the brightest fields of air,
  A Spirit, float for ever.

Give the Warrior Chief his due,
Him, who, to his country true,
Boldly, at her summons, flew,
        Fir'd with gallantry!
Him, who met the foe in fight,
And with death-fires lit the night,
Till his valor turn'd in flight
        Britain's chivalry.

Their fetters are broken, their tyrants are fled,
  And the hands of the North and the South shall unite
To raise, o'er the tombs of the glorious dead,
  A temple of honour, and crown it with light.

"VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY."

On Reggio's classic shore I stood,
  And look'd across the wave below,
And saw the sea, a glassy flood,
  In all the hues of morning glow ;*
Groves wav'd aloft on sunward hills,
  Their leaves were green and tipt with gold,
And all the dazzling pomp, that fills
  The sunset skies, was round them roll'd ;
Arches on arches, proudly pil'd,
  Seem'd towering to the deep-blue sky,
And ruins lay deserted, wild,
  And torrents foam'd and thunder'd by ;
And flowery meadows soft and green,
  In living emerald met the light,
And o'er their dewy turf were seen,
  In countless gems, the drops of night ;
And gardens, full of freshest flowers,
  Unfurl'd the pictur'd veil of Spring,
And round the gay and perfum'd bowers
  Sweet-warbling birds were on the wing ;

* The Fata Morgana.

And many a tall and stately spire
  Rose to the clouds, that loosely curl'd,
And kindled each with solar fire,
  Seem'd beings of a brighter world;
And mountains rear'd their giant head,
  And lifted high their peak ofsn o w,
And o'er its wide majestic bed
  The ocean seem'd to ebb and flow;
And all the wonders of the skies,
  And earth and sea were thrown around,
And all were stain'd in deepest dies,
  And vast as Being's utmost bound;
And on the magic scene I gaz'd,
  And as behind the hills arose
The golden Sun, awhile it blaz'd
  In brighter tints, and then it clos'd,
And all the changing pageant pass'd,
  In faint and fainter hues, away,
Until a tender green, at last,
  Glass'd o'er the still and waveless bay,
And Reggio's towers, Messina's wall,
  The hills, the woods, the frequent sail,
That trembled on the stream, were all
  The relics of the Fairy tale.

'Twas evening, and the Sun went down,
  Deep-crimson'd, in the frowning sky,
And Night, in robe of dusky brown,
  Hung out her lurid veil on high;

A mist crept o'er the lonely wild,
  That heav'd, a sandy ocean, round,
And loosely lay, in billows pil'd,
  To the horizon's farthest bound;
The Sun, as if involv'd in blood,
  Shone through the fog with direful beam,
And from behind the hills, a flood
  Of liquid purple pour'd its stream,
And o'er the dusty desert flow'd,
  Until, as kindled by the rays,
The heated plain intensely glow'd,
  Like some wide forest in a blaze;
And riding o'er the distant waste
  The burning sand-spout stalk'd along,
And as the horrid phantom pass'd,
  The driver keener plied his thong,
And shriek'd, as on the Simoom roar'd,
  As if the gather'd fiends of hell,
Around in vengeful armies pour'd,
  Had rung the world's decisive knell:
But far away a bright Oase*
  Shone sweetly in the eastern sky,
As fair, as in the magic glass
  Groves, lawns, and hills, and waters lie;
A lake in mirror'd brightness lay,
  Spread like an overflowing Nile,
Its peaceful rippling seem'd to play,
  And curl in summer's sweetest smile;

* The Mirage of the desert.

The sunset ting'd the surface o'er,
  And here it lay in sheeted gold,
And there the ruffled stream, before
  The evening breeze, in emerald roll'd;
And many a white and platted sail
  Dropp'd softly down the silent tide,
Or as the rising winds prevail,
  Careening low was seen to glide;
And there the fisher plied his oar,
  And spread his net, and hung his pole,
And drove with palm boughs to the shore,
  In crowds, the gaily glittering shoal;
And birds were ever on the wing,
  Or lightly plashing in the flood,
And gorgeous, as an eastern King,
  In stately pomp the Flammant stood;
And herds of lowing buffaloes,
  And light gazelles came down to drink,
And there the river horse arose,
  And stalk'd a giant to the brink;
And shepherds drove their pastur'd flocks
  To taste the cool, refreshing wave,
And on the heathy-mantled rocks
  The goats their tender bleating gave:
And o'er the green and rice-clad plain,
  In coats of crimson, gold and blue,
The small birds trill'd their mellow strain,
  And revell'd in the falling dew;

And there the palm its pillar heaves,
  And spreads its umbell'd crown of flowers,
And broad and pointed glossy leaves,
  Whose shade the idle camp embowers;
And there the aged sit and tell
  Their tales, as high the light smoke curls,
And eye the dance, around the well,
  Of fiery youths and black-eyed girls,
Or where in many a leap and curve
  They keenly rush around the ring,
And with an aim, that cannot swerve,
  In eager strife the jerreed fling;
And there beside the bubbling fount
  The date its welcome shadow threw,
And many a child was seen to mount,
  And pluck the fruit that on it grew;
And with its broad and pendent boughs,
  The thickly tufted sycamore,
The image of profound repose,
  Wav'd silently along the shore;
And mangroves bent their limbs to taste
  The wave, that calmly floated by,
And show'd beneath, as purely glass'd,
  A softer image of the sky;
And groves of myrtle sweetly blew,
  And hung their boughs with spikes of snow,
And beds of flowering cassia threw
  A splendour like the morning glow;

And o'er the wild, that stretch'd away
  To meet the sands, now steep'd with rain,
The lilies, in their proud array,
  With pictur'd brightness gemm'd the plain;
And roses, damask, white and red,
  Stood breathing perfume on the rocks,
And there the dry acacia spread
  Its deep, unfading yellow locks;
And gardens brighter bloom'd the while
  Around the silver til'd kiosk,
And brightest shone with sacred smile
  The gilded crescent on the mosque;
And over all calm evening drew
  A tender, softly dimming veil,
And mellow'd down each gayer hue
  To tints, that seem'd divinely pale;
It was a lovely resting place,
  The traveller's home, the pilgrim's well,
Where he might sit at ease and trace
  His wand'rings, and his dangers tell;
It rose at once upon their sight,
  Like Paradise from heaven descending,
And there, with keen and eager light,
  Each look, in panting hope, was bending;
An island on the pathless waste,
  It caught the weary camel's eye,
And on he flew in wildest haste,
  As if to drink the wave, and die;

And there the parch'd Bedouin gaz'd,
  As if the cup of life were given,
And then with thankful look he rais'd
  His wither'd hands in prayer to heaven;
And as he hurried on his road
  O'er burning sand, and flinty rock,
Before his eye the phantom flow'd,
  A flattering, but delusive mock;
Its brightest tints grew wan and pale,
  Its fairer features faded dim,
Till in a dark and lonely vale
  A mist alone was seen to swim;
And as the tear in anguish stole,
  The last and faintest beam of day
Fled, and the dream was seen to roll
  And vanish in the night away;
And cold the wild Harmattan blew,
  And roll'd the dusty billow by,
But still no welcome rain nor dew
  Came down to soothe their misery;
Parch'd, burnt, in agony they tread
  The waste, in hopeless longing, o'er,
A frowning sky above their head,
  A shoreless sea of sand before.

And life is but a fairy tale—
  Its fondest and its brightest hours
Are transient as the passing gale,
  Or drops of dew that melt in flowers;

And life is but a fleeting dream,
  A shadow of a pictur'd sky,
The airy phantom of a stream,
  That flattering smiles, and hurries by ;
The mists that hover o'er the deep,*
  And seem the storm-beat sailor's home,
And still retiring, always keep
  Their station on the farthest foam,
Till imag'd out, his woods and hills,
  His father's cot, the village spire,
And all his heated fancy wills,
  And all his eager hopes desire,
The white chalk coast that fronts the billow,
  The boat that trimly scuds below,
The brook that glides beneath the willow,
  With lulling chime and quiet flow ;
Till all he loves, and all he longs
  To meet and fold his arms around,
Come crowding in alluring throngs,
  And every charm of home is found ;
And round the ship the meadow lies,
  That fill'd his hand with flowers in May,
And as the billows onward rise,
  They spread and blossom green and gay ;
But if he stoop to pluck the grass,
  That waves in frolic mimicry,
Away the darling phantoms pass,
  And leave alone the bitter sea :

* The Mirage of the Ocean.

And life is but a painted bow,
  That crowns our days to come with smiles,
The mingled tints of heaven, that throw
  Their pomp on glory's airy piles;
But when we run to catch the gay
  And glittering pageant, all is o'er,
And all its bright and rich array
  Can draw us fondly on no more;
'Tis like the moon, who shines so clear
  Above the mountains and the groves,
And seems to float along so near
  The boy, he grasps the moon, he loves,
And dreams, it is some sweet, bright face,
  Who smiles in such a pleasant sky,
And he would think it heaven to pass
  His still, soft nights, that maiden by;
He sits upon the grassy bank,
  And rests his face upon his hand,
And looks intent, as if he drank
  The light that silvers sea and land;
And though she smiles so sweetly on
  Her fond and loving shepherd boy,
The same bright face is ever won
  By those, who make the night their joy:
O! life and all its charms decay,
  Alluring, cheating, on they go;
The stream for ever steals away
  In one irrevocable flow;

Its dearest charms, the charms of love,
  Are fairest in their bud, and die
Whene'er their tender bloom we move,
  We touch the leaves, they wither'd lie;
At distance all how gay, how sweet,
  A very land of fairy blisses,
Where smiles, and tears, and soft words meet,
  And willing lips unite in kisses;
But when we touch the magic shore,
  The glow is gone, the charm is fled;
We find the dearest hues, it wore,
  Are but the light around the dead;
And cold the hymeneal chain,
  That binds their cheated hearts in one,
And on, with many a step of pain,
  Their weary race is sadly run;
And still, as on they plod their way,
  They find, as life's gay dreams depart,
To close their being's toilsome day,
  Nought left them but a broken heart.

I saw the Sun, at the dawning of day,
Chasing the mantling mist away,
  And tinging it over with gold;
The clouds, that before his face were driven,
Were rich with the deepest hues of heaven,
  And in volumes of crimson roll'd:

The world was blooming and bright and fair,
But nor life nor love was moving there.

I saw that Sun, at his setting hour,
Send over the hills an amber shower
  Of softer and mellower rays;
It bronz'd the trunks of the moss-grown wood,
And bath'd their leaves in a golden flood,
  As he sank in his fullest blaze:
The world was dewy and calm and fair,
But nor life nor love was moving there.

I saw the Moon, at the noon of night,
Crowning the sky serenely bright,
  And gilding the waves below;
Clear in her beam the white frost shone,
As if over the fields were loosely thrown
  A sparkling sheet of snow:
The world was silent and pure and fair,
But nor life nor love was moving there.

I saw on her gay and purple wing,
The light and laughing spirit of Spring,
  Strewing the earth with flowers;
The leafless shrubs were hung with bloom,
And an airy wave of soft perfume
  Was pour'd from the budding bowers:
The world was smiling and sweet and fair,
But nor life nor love was moving there.

I saw through the shade of a maple grove,
In the light of her youth and beauty, move
  The fancied queen of my soul;
From her bright and quenchless orbs of blue
The arrows of thought and feeling flew,
  And the tears of compassion stole:
O! she was the image of all that is fair,
And life and love were moving there.

Two flowers were budding on one stem,
  Imbued with fragrance, fresh with dew,
And bent with many a trickling gem,
  That trembled, as the west wind blew;
And softly shone their crimson through
  That veil of crystal purity,
And as the thrush around them flew,
  He clearer pip'd his melody.

Two fledglings, in a ring-dove's nest,
  With tender bill, and feeble wing,
Sat brooding on their downy breast,
  And they had just begun to sing,
And as they saw their mother bring,
  With tireless love, the food she bore,
They made the woods around them ring
  The infant note, they carol'd o'er.

I saw, along the ocean, sail
  Two barks, that flew before the wind;
The canvass swelling to the gale,
  They left a foaming wake behind,
And low the bellying sheet inclin'd
  As freshly blew the sweeping blast;
But still the pilot kept in mind,
  There was a peaceful port at last.

I saw, along the cloudless sky,
  Two stars adorn the brow of night;
They shone serenely on my eye,
  With pure and unoffending light;
The beam was mellower than bright,
  Like gems that twinkle in their mine;
It sooth'd and tranquiliz'd the sight,
  And seem'd a spark of love divine.

I saw two sisters—they were one
  In beauty, sweetness, age and soul:
Their bosom was the stainless throne,
  Where virtue held supreme controul,
Their hearts were pointed to the pole,
  By God to erring mortals given,
The bright, the pure, the happy goal,
  That waits the fair and good in heaven.

I FOUND thee on an apple tree,*
  Poor sickly and untimely flower!
'Tis not the time for thee to be
  A garland to the sunny bower;
Thou should'st have waited for the hour,
  When April dances o'er the plain;
Without her soft refreshing shower
  Thy purple leaf is spread in vain.

The bough is freshly green around
  With all the tender hue of May;
But short thy stinted being's bound,
  One wind will blow thy leaves away,
One frost will all thy honors lay,
  And sear'd and brown thy tint will be,
And never on an Autumn's day,
  The fruit will ripen after thee.

Sad emblem of the timid mind,
  The delicate, the shrinking form,
The heart too tender, too refin'd,
  To dwell in life's unpitying storm:
But there shall come, a still, a warm,
  A fragrant, an eternal Spring,
Where envy never can deform,
  Nor power its chill, cold fetter fling.

* Written on finding a tuft of blossoms, September, 1821—the consequence of a violent S. E. storm, which had destroyed the foliage exposed to it.

I saw, along the ocean, sail
  Two barks, that flew before the wind;
The canvass swelling to the gale,
  They left a foaming wake behind,
And low the bellying sheet inclin'd
  As freshly blew the sweeping blast;
But still the pilot kept in mind,
  There was a peaceful port at last.

I saw, along the cloudless sky,
  Two stars adorn the brow of night;
They shone serenely on my eye,
  With pure and unoffending light;
The beam was mellower than bright,
  Like gems that twinkle in their mine;
It sooth'd and tranquiliz'd the sight,
  And seem'd a spark of love divine.

I saw two sisters—they were one
  In beauty, sweetness, age and soul:
Their bosom was the stainless throne,
  Where virtue held supreme controul,
Their hearts were pointed to the pole,
  By God to erring mortals given,
The bright, the pure, the happy goal,
  That waits the fair and good in heaven.

anacreontics, I can surely be pardoned for imitating a measure in some degree associated with those of our language in rhyme and accent.

I saw, upon a mountain,
A violet newly springing,
And round the broken rocks a perfume shedding;
It grew beside a fountain,
Its bubbling water flinging,
And down a turfy slope its current spreading,
And greenest grass imbedding:
There the sun-beams pour'd their glory,
At morn, in golden brightness;
And many a song of lightness
The careless shepherd sung, and many a story
He told of love despairing,
Himself in all their joy and sorrow sharing.

I lov'd that quiet valley,
When sultry noon was firing
The cloudless sky, that o'er my head was glowing;
And in a cool dark alley,
In solitude retiring,
Where bending elms their tufted boughs were throwing,
And softest gales were blowing;
There I breath'd my bosom's anguish
In many a strain of sorrow,
And from the dove would borrow
Her melancholy tones and dying languish,

'hen with the zephyr blending,
hat murmurs thro' the reeds before it bending.

ı lonely peace reposing,
gaz'd upon the ocean,
hat in the distant view was proudly swelling;
lay till day was closing,
ıd with a softer motion
he ring-dove flutter'd round his airy dwelling,
ill to his turtle telling
he tender love he bore her;
ıd like a fond one sighing,
ı if his heart was dying,
e sat among the boughs, that trembled o'er her;
he while, in eddies whirling,
he mellow brook in day's last light was curling.

'he wind was faintly sighing,
'he boughs were lightly dancing,
ınd down its stony bed the brook was chiming;
ınd now the wind was dying,
'he leaves were dimly glancing,
'he loaded vine, that o'er the elm was climbing,
'till with the light air timing,
n a slower curve were waving
ts clusters, freshly breathing,
nd with its foliage wreathing,
ike hyacinths the early meadow paving,
nd in the dewy morning
'ith richest hues the grassy plain adorning.

The Moon was on the ocean ;
The billows proudly swelling,
Heav'd to her light their tops in foamy brightness ;
With slow majestic motion,
O'er Tethys' coral dwelling
They curl'd their glassy ridge in snowy whiteness
Tossing with downy lightness;
And loud and long their roaring,
Like peals of distant thunder,
Or mountains rent asunder,
When high in air the Volcan's flame is soaring,
Wide o'er the dark waste rolling,
Seem'd like a knell the sailor's ruin tolling.

Thro' leaves and boughs inwoven,
My grassy pillow shading,
Her silver orb in broken light was gleaming ;
Now, where the rock was cloven,
Thro' fleecy vapour wading,
Her virgin fire, in deeper distance beaming,
In one full flood was streaming :
With tender, sweet emotion,
My bosom gently swelling,
I sought my quiet dwelling,
And rais'd to Heaven my heart's intense devotion,
Walking beneath the mellow brightness, flowing
From countless gems in yon blue ether glowing.

When with the zephyr blending,
That murmurs thro' the reeds before it bending.

In lonely peace reposing,
I gaz'd upon the ocean,
That in the distant view was proudly swelling;
I lay till day was closing,
And with a softer motion
The ring-dove flutter'd round his airy dwelling,
Still to his turtle telling
The tender love he bore her;
And like a fond one sighing,
As if his heart was dying,
He sat among the boughs, that trembled o'er her;
The while, in eddies whirling,
The mellow brook in day's last light was curling.

The wind was faintly sighing,
The boughs were lightly dancing,
And down its stony bed the brook was chiming;
And now the wind was dying,
The leaves were dimly glancing,
The loaded vine, that o'er the elm was climbing,
Still with the light air timing,
In a slower curve were waving
Its clusters, freshly breathing,
And with its foliage wreathing,
Like hyacinths the early meadow paving,
And in the dewy morning
With richest hues the grassy plain adorning.

Where hours of happiness never fleet,
  In the peaceful world above;
Where the links, that bind our souls, by death
  Shall never be broken more,
But a better life, with its quick'ning breath,
  Shall every charm restore:
Then cease, ye bitter tears, to fall;
  My heart its grief shall bear,
Till I hear, from heaven, the tender call
  Of love invite me there.

THE BROKEN HEART.

He has gone to the land, where the dead are still,
  And mute the song of gladness;
He drank at the cup of grief his fill,
  And his life was a dream of madness;
The victim of fancy's torturing spell,
  From hope to darkness driven,
His agony was the rack of Hell,
  His joy the thrill of Heaven.

He has gone to the land, where the dead are cold,
  And thought will sting him—never;
The tomb its darkest veil has roll'd
  O'er all his faults for ever:

O! there was a light, that shone within
  The gloom, that hung around him;
His heart was form'd to woo and win,
  But love had never crown'd him.

He has gone to the land, where the dead may rest
  In a soft, unbroken slumber,
Where the pulse, that swell'd his anguish'd breast,
  Shall never his tortures number;
Ah! little the reckless witlings know,
  How keenly throbb'd and smarted
That bosom, which burn'd with a brightest glow,
  Till crush'd and broken-hearted.

He long'd to love, and a frown was all,
  The cold and thoughtless gave him;
He sprang to Ambition's trumpet-call,
  But back they rudely drave him:
He glow'd with a spirit pure and high,
  They call'd the feeling madness:
And he wept for woe with a melting eye,
  'Twas weak and moody sadness.

He sought, with an ardour full and keen,
  To rise to a noble station,
But repuls'd by the proud, the cold, the mean,
  He sunk in desperation;
They call'd him away to Pleasure's bowers,
  But gave him a poison'd chalice,
And from her alluring wreath of flowers
  They glanc'd the grin of malice.

He felt, that the charm of life was gone,
  That his hopes were chill'd and blasted,
That being wearily linger'd on
  In sadness, while it lasted :
He turn'd to the picture fancy drew,
  Which he thought would darken never ;
It fled—to the damp, cold grave he flew,
  And he sleeps with the dead for ever.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a Coral Grove,
  Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
  Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
  That never are wet with falling dew,
  But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
  Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
  And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
  Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
The water is calm and still below,
  For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars, that glow
  In the motionless fields of upper air:
There with its waving blade of green,
  The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
  To blush, like a banner bath'd in slaughter :

There with a light and easy motion,
  The fan-coral sweeps thro' the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean,
  Are bending, like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
  Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
  Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
  Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
  And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
  The purple mullet, and the gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
  Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
  Thou wanderer of earth and of air;
Who bearest the sighs of the lover,
  And bringest him news of his fair:
Bend hither thy light-waving pinion,
  And show me the gloss of thy neck;
O! perch on my hand, dearest minion,
  And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread, of the whitest and sweetest,
  And there is a sip of red wine ;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
  'Twill be fleeter, when nerv'd by the vine :
I have written, on rose-scented paper,
  With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux,
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
  'Tis the color of true hearts, sky-blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,
  With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck ;
So go from me, beautiful minion,
  While the pure ether shows not a speck :
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
  Like an arrow, he hurries away :
And farther and farther retreating,
  He is lost in the clear blue of day

These weeping skies, these weeping skies,
  They weep so much, that I weep too ;
And every thing, like Mary's eyes,
  Around, above, below, looks *blue*.
Such days, as these, will never do,
  My muse can never soar again ;
Her wings are wetted through and through,
  She tries to fly, but all in vain.

There with a light and easy motion,
  The fan-coral sweeps thro' the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean,
  Are bending, like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
  Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
  Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
  Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
  And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
  The purple mullet, and the gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
  Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
  Thou wanderer of earth and of air;
Who bearest the sighs of the lover,
  And bringest him news of his fair:
Bend hither thy light-waving pinion,
  And show me the gloss of thy neck;
O! perch on my hand, dearest minion,
  And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

As a heart, that is light and strong, can be,
When afloat, like a bird, on the boundless ocean.

Dimmer and dimmer grows the shore,
Laid, like a fold, on the water's pillow;
Steadily glides, the gale before,
The ship, in its fullest canvass, o'er
The glassy breast of the rolling billow.

Riding along, like a mighty ark,
The gallant vessel skims the water,
Leaving behind a foaming mark,
Like a whale, when he flies before the bark,
Impell'd in the crimson path of slaughter.

O! how delightfully on my eye,
Comes the clear morn of sunny brightness;
Higher and bluer swells the sky,
With a swifter wing the gannets fly,
And the billow heaves with a purer whiteness.

Give me but winds, that steadily blow,
Sending the ship, like a dart, o'er the ocean;
Then shall my life's blood lighter flow,
And my eye shall beam with a brighter glow,
And my heart shall swell in its deep devotion.

Country, and friends I leave behind,
Flying, on wings, the ocean over;
Come, with a fleeter foot, thou wind,

Love brought a wreath, a laurel wreath,
And it was steep'd in fog, not dew;
The little urchin droop'd beneath,
And gladly down his burden threw.
"The Sylphs have sent a wreath to you."
He laugh'd as he his errand told.
"What makes it look so very *blue?*"
Says Love, "it's only touch'd with *mould.*"

I clapp'd the wreath around my brow,
And felt my brain grow numb and chill;
If I had worn the wreath till now,
My heart had been forever still.
O! skies, that weep so much, will kill
The Muses, and their servant, Love;
Their home is on the sunny hill,
Where nought is *blue*, but heaven above.

Fair breaks the morning on my eye,
After long days of gloom and sorrow;
Bright is the cloud, as it floats on high,
Sailing along the purpling sky,
Like the sign, at night, of a clear to-morrow.

Light blows the wind along the sea,
Heaving the wave with peaceful motion;
Gaily the mariner carols, free,

But my heart is throbbing still;
Let it burn with full devotion—
Deeper—it will sooner kill.

SONG OF THE REIM-KENNAR.

EAGLE of the far North-West!
Thou, who bear'st the thunderer's bow,
Thou, who com'st with lightning crest,
And with eye of swarthy glow;
Thou, who lashest with thy wing,
Wild in rage, the foaming deep,
Till the warring billows spring,
And the upturn'd waters leap;
Thou, who send'st thy scream of wrath,
Like a nation's dying cry,
Sweeping on thy surging path,
Like the roar of tempest, by;
When thy scream is wild in ire,
When thy wing is swift as death,
At my bidding, quench thy fire!
At my bidding, hush thy breath!

Thou hast met the mountain pine—
And the towering wood is low;
Thou hast spread those wings of thine—
Ocean steeds their prowess know;

And bear me on, till my heart shall find
The home, that awaits the restless rover.

Now the setting sun is glowing,
  Far along the golden sea;
Many an ocean wave is flowing,
  Dearest, 'tween thy home and me;
To my lonely bosom showing,
  I shall never meet with thee.

Now my heart is madly beating,
  As I linger on the west,
Where the golden sun retreating
  Blazes on the billow's breast;
Bright and fair, but oh! as fleeting,
  Was the smile, that made me blest.

Now that orb is dimly stealing,
  To his palace in the deep;
Homeward now the gannets wheeling
  O'er the rolling ocean sweep:
But in me the pang of feeling
  Time can never lay asleep.

Let me onward, o'er the ocean,
  Distance cannot cure my ill;
Rise, ye waves, in wildest motion,

From thy fury on the deep,
  From thy madness on the shore,
Where the wailing widows weep
  Those, who sink to rise no more,
From the ravage of the wood,
  From the sweeping of the plain,
From the swelling of the flood,
  Come, and hear my runic strain—
Let thy giant wing be still,
  Let the ocean cease to roar,
Settle on that lonely hill,
  Dart thy bolt, and flash no more—
Thou, who, from the far North-West,
  Scour'st the wild sea in thy course,
Fold thy rapid wings in rest,
  Conquer'd by my magic force.

Eagle of the far North-West!
  Thou hast furl'd thy sweeping sail,
Thou hast clos'd thy wings in rest,
  For my charm and spell prevail:
Now I bid thee steal away,
  O'er the calmly rolling wave;
Go, and till I call thee, stay
  Slumbering in thy icy cave:
Sweet and silent be thy sleep,
  On the rock beneath the pole;
Let thy rest be still and deep,
  Till thou feel'st my strong control:

I can rouse thee with my spell,
  Bird of might, and bird of flame!
Then one word thy rage can quell,
  And thy wildest fury tame.

CALM AT SEA.

The night is clear,
The sky is fair,
The wave is resting on the ocean;
And far and near
The silent air
Just lifts the flag with faintest motion.

There is no gale
To fill the sail,
No wind to heave the curling billow;
The streamers droop,
And trembling stoop,
Like boughs, that crown the weeping willow.

From off the shore
Is heard the roar
Of waves in softest motion rolling;
The twinkling stars,
And whispering airs
Are all to peace the heart controlling.

The moon is bright,
Her ring of light,
In silver, pales the blue of heaven,
Or tints with gold,
Where lightly roll'd,
Like fleecy snow, the rack is driven.

How calm and clear
The silent air!
How smooth and still the glassy ocean!
While stars above
Seem lamps of love
To light the temple of devotion.

The wave is resting on the sea,
Or only ripples into smiles,
That curl and twinkle silently
Around the cocoa-tufted isles;
Beneath the Moro's frowning walls
The faintest chime of ocean falls,
As if the rolling tempest-swell,
Subdued by moon-light's magic spell,
Were murmuring its last farewell:
And now the distant breath of flutes,
Or tinkling of the light guitars,
The mellow sound of love, that suits
The silent winds and drowsy stars,

When each discordant note is still,
And all the hum of day at rest,
And tender tones more inly thrill
The yet unstain'd and virgin breast—
These sounds, that tell the heart's devotion,
Come floating upward from the ocean,
As skimming through the flaky foam
The light canoes are calmly driven
By winds, that send them to their home
So soft, they seem the gales of heaven.

But yet the reckless pirate keeps
His tiger watch, while nature sleeps,
And in his thirsting hope unsheathes
The sword, that glares with sullen flame,
With firm-set teeth he sternly breathes
His curses on each better name ;
Careless he stands, prepar'd to strike
Friend, stranger, foe, for gain, alike ;
As wolves, who gather in the wood,
And lurk till chance their prey has given,
Then burning in their thirst for blood,
With fiendlike yells are madly driven :
So cowers the pirate in his cave,
Till far away the snowy sail
Moves calmly o'er the mirror'd wave,
And flutters in the dying gale ;
Then, with a demon swell of heart,
He hurries from the guilty shore,
And stealing on it, like a dart,
He dies that snowy sail in gore.

THERE 's a valley, that lies in the bosom of hills,
  Where the wind ever calmly and silently blows,
And a stream, that collects from the mountain its rills,
  Over pebbles and shells in a clear current flows,
Whose waters through meadows go stealing away,
  Reflecting the willows that grow on their brim,
And shun, under evergreen thickets, the day,
  Where the noon-hours, when brightest, like twilight
    are dim ;
Where the brook sleeps as still, in its ebony well,
  As the hush of a bee in the bell of a flower,
Or the life, that is waiting to burst from its shell,
  And charm, with its melody, meadow and bower;
Where the leaves, that are platted and woven above,
  Shut out every glimpse of the sun and the sky,
And the flowers are as pale, as a mourner in love,
  And ever are wet like the lids of her eye ;
Where sorrow forever her vigil might keep,
  And silence be still as the dead in their grave ;
Where the heart, that is rifled and broken, might weep,
  And mingle its tears with the motionless wave ;
In the shade of a valley, so lonely and still,
  I could live in a quiet and fanciful dream,
Not a wish of my heart would go over the hill,
  But life glide away, like the flow of the stream.

I would follow the sun, when the North winds arise,
And Autumn has taken its blue from the skies;
I would go, with the birds and the flowers in their train,
Like a sylph, o'er the wide-rolling waves of the main,
And seek, on a warmer and lovelier shore,
A home, till the dark storms of winter are o'er.

'Tis pleasant to stray in a tropical grove,
Where flowers, fruits, and foliage are blended above,
Where the sky, as it opens so vividly through,
Is pure, as a spirit in mantle of blue,
Where the wind comes perfum'd from the orange and lime,
And the myrtle is ever in bloom in that clime,
Where the citron its green and its gold ever wears,
And the birds are forever caressing in pairs,
O! 'tis pleasant awhile in those groves to remain,
Till spring comes to visit and charm us again.

But I never could stay, when the winter has fled,
And the flowers of the valley awake from the dead,
When April has moisten'd the earth with its shower,
And May is enamelling meadow and bower,
When the woods are in leaf, and the orchards are blooming,
And the hill in the grey mist of morning is looming,
When the air is as sweet from the pear tree and clover,
As a wind that has travell'd rich Araby over,
When the thickets are living with music and wooing,
And the light wings of swallows their mates are pursuing—

O! when mountain birds call me, I cannot remain,
So away to the land of my fathers again.

THE PIRATE LOVER.

Thou hast gone from thy lover,
  Thou lord of the sea!
The illusion is over,
  That bound me to thee;
I cannot regret thee,
  Though dearest thou wert,
Nor can I forget thee,
  Thou lord of my heart!

I lov'd thee too deeply,
  To hate thee and live;
I am blind to the brightest,
  My country can give;
But I cannot behold thee
  In plunder and gore,
And thy Minna can fold thee
  In fondness no more.

Far over the billow
  Thy black vessel rides,
The wave is thy pillow,
  Thy pathway the tides;

Thy cannon are pointed,
  Thy red flag on high,
Thy crew are undaunted,
  But yet thou must die.

I thought thou wert brave,
  As the sea-kings of old ;
But thy heart is a slave,
  And a vassal to gold :
My faith can be plighted
  To none but the free ;
Thy low heart has blighted
  My fond hopes in thee.

I will not upbraid thee ;
  I leave thee to bear
The shame, thou hast made thee,
  Its danger and care :
As thy banner is streaming
  Far over the sea,
O ! my fond heart is dreaming,
  And breaking for thee.

My heart thou hast broken,
  Thou lord of the wave !
Thou hast left me a token
  To rest in my grave :
Though false, mean, and cruel,
  Thou still must be dear,
And thy name like a jewel,
  Be treasur'd up here.

THE FAREWELL.

Must hearts, who love so dearly, part,
  And must they bid adieu?
And must those eyes, in weeping, dart
  Their last and fondest view?
How cruel comes the parting day,
  When we have parted never,
And one must wander far away
  To come no more for ever!

They liv'd securely in their glen,
  Like doves they fondly lov'd,
And never had their feet, till then,
  Beyond their mountains rov'd;
But far away the trumpet calls
  To danger and to death;
How cold and heavy on them falls
  That trumpet's warning breath!

For war is now upon their shores,
  And *he* must meet the foe,
Must go, where battle's thunder roars,
  And brave men slumber low;
Go, where the sleep of death comes on
  The proudest hearts, who dare
To grasp the wreath by valour won,
  And glory's banquet share.

O! bright the wreath the warrior twines;
  But dark the heart it covers,
For like a blasting fire it shines
  On widow'd wives and lovers:
How glorious is the front of fight,
  When first the gun has spoken!
But dimly gleams its after light,
  For many a heart is broken.

Yes, they must part, who lov'd so long,
  And part for ever too;
How many bitter feelings throng
  Around that last adieu!
Their hands are press'd, their bosoms meet,
  That look—what words can tell?
And faint the voice, when they repeat
  That cold, that wild FAREWELL.

MY heart was a mirror, that show'd every treasure
  Of beauty and loveliness, life can display;
It reflected each beautiful blossom of pleasure,
  But turn'd from the dark looks of bigots away;
It was living and moving with loveliest creatures,
  In smiles or in tears, as the soft spirit chose;
Now shining with brightest and ruddiest features,
  Now pale as the snow of the dwarf mountain rose.

These visions of sweetness forever were playing,
  Like butterflies fanning the still summer air ;
Some sported a moment, some, never decaying,
  In deep hues of love are still lingering there :
At times some fair spirit, descending from heaven,
  Would shroud all the rest in the blaze of its light ;
Then wood nymphs and fays o'er the mirror were driven,
  Like the fire-swarms, that kindle the darkness of night.

But the winds and the storms broke the mirror, and sever'd
  Full many a beautiful angel in twain ;
And the tempest rag'd on, till the fragments were shiver'd
  And scatter'd, like dust, as it rolls o'er the plain :
One piece, which the storm, in its madness, neglected
  Away, on the wings of the whirlwind, to bear,
One fragment was left, and that fragment reflected.
  All the beauty, that Mary threw carelessly there.

Let us love while life is young,
  And the vital stream is glowing ;
When the heart is newly strung,
  And the tide of health is flowing.

Let us pluck the Paphian rose,
  When its bud is first unfolding ;
Ere its wither'd petals close,
  In the misty darkness moulding.

Pluck it, when the morning dew
  Twinkles on the new-blown flower,
And the vernal sky of blue,
  Opens through the melting shower.

Pluck it, when the air is sweet,
  And the winds no more are chilling;
When the loving swallows meet,
  And the soft-ey'd doves are billing.

Weave it in a wreath of bloom,
  Let it bind our hearts together;
Now when life is all perfume,
  Warm and bright as April weather.

Now when life is dancing on,
  Like a brook, where flowers are blowing,
Curling upward to the sun,
  Or in mirror'd beauty flowing;

Ere those waving locks of jet,
  By the touch of age, are thinning,
While the cheek is blooming yet,
  And the eye is bright and winning.

Love, in life's delightful spring—
  You will find returning passion;
Wait, till youth has taken wing—
  Love will then be out of fashion.

If you have a bosom, bright
  Longer than the form around it,
Beauty never will requite
  Love like that, but only wound it.

O! now's the hour, when air is sweet,
  And birds are all in tune,
To seek with me the cool retreat,
  In bright and merry June;
When every rose-bush has a nest,
  And every thorn a flower,
And every thing on earth is blest,
  This sweet and holy hour.

O come, my dear, when evening flings
  Her veil of purple round,
And zephyr, on his dewy wings,
  Sweeps o'er the flowery ground;
When every bird of day is still,
  And stars are bright above,
O come, my dear, and we will fill
  Our cup, and drink of love.

We'll fill it from the pure blue sky,
  And from the glowing west,
And catch its spirit in thine eye,
  And in the small bird's nest;
And take its sweetness from the flowers,
  Its freshness from the spring,

Its coolness from the dewy hours,
  When night-hawks take the wing.

Then we will wander far away,
  Along the flowery vale,
Where winds the brook, in sparkling play,
  And freshly blows the gale;
And we will sit beneath the shade,
  That maples weave above,
And on the mossy pillow laid,
  Will drink the cup of love.

Thy charms are all decaying, love,
The smile that once was playing, love,
    So pure and bright,
    It seem'd but light
From day's clear fountain straying, love;

That smile away is stealing, love,
Thy lip no more revealing, love,
    The sweets of soul,
    That Cupid stole
To fill his cup of feeling, love;

That lip will shed its sweetness, love,
Thy form will lose its fleetness, love,

Array'd no more,
As when it wore
The snowy veil of neatness, love.

Oh! time is stealing by us, love,
And age is drawing nigh us, love,
So let me sip
Thy dewy lip
Before the young hours fly us, love.

The rose of youth is blowing, love,
The tide of health is flowing, love,
Then let me be
Entwin'd to thee,
As elms and vines are growing, love.

A chain of flowers has twin'd us, love,
And blest the hours shall find us, love,
Then heart from heart
No more shall part,
Till age and death unbind us, love.

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

'Twas on a moonshine night like this, we took our last
farewell;
And as he gave his parting kiss, I felt my bosom swell;

e said, 'Adieu, my Caroline,' but I said not a word;
et never heart was fond, like mine—how wild that dark
bush stirr'd!

he moon was round, the moon was bright, the moon
was riding high;
was just such a pleasant night, and he was standing by:
he sweet bird sung his roundelay, he mock'd me all
night long;
'is winter, and he's flown away, or I should hear his
song.

he moon looks down upon the spring—she cannot melt
it though;
he pretty bird has spread his wing—he does not love
the snow:
he winds blow hard—they say, at sea, such winds will
raise a storm;
wish my love was here by me—my heart would keep
him warm.

have a hat of straw for thee—I wove it, and I wept,
o think thou wert so far at sea, and I the toy have kept;
made a basket, which I fill'd, with lilies to the brim;
it plucking them their beauty kill'd, and so I tho't of *him*.

hey say the moon loves such as I—her love is very cold;
ie floats so softly through the sky, I'd take her down
and fold

My cloak around her snowy face, and warm her on my heart—
O! no—she needs a warmer place—How could we ever part!

What can my heart have done, to make me love so much the moon?
My fingers are so cold, they ache—I shall be frozen soon:
I would not love my lover so—my tears are never dry;
I hear him call, and I must go—and so, sweet moon, good bye.

Come to my heart, thou stricken deer!
The world has aim'd its shaft at thee;
There is a welcome shelter here,
There are no enemies with me.
Thou art too fair and delicate,
To bide the cold and pelting storm:
Oh! fly the world, that can but hate
The brighter cheek and fairer form.

Fly to my heart, thou mourning dove!
And seek a refuge in my nest;
I'll fold around my wings of love,
And hush thy beating pulse to rest.
I heard the death-shot in the wood,
I saw the fowler clip thy wing;

Thy ruffled wings are dropp'd with blood,
  But here no foe a dart shall bring.

Come to my home, thou bleeding heart!
  And trust thy woes to me alone;
For thou may'st all thy griefs impart,
  And I will take them as my own.
I have a healing balm for thee,
  To stanch thy blood, and sooth thy pain;
For kindly touch'd by sympathy,
  Thy wound shall never bleed again.

The world may scorn thee, if they please,
  But I will dare to love thee still;
Beneath these darkly sheltering trees,
  I'll guard thee safe from every ill.
For I have found thee kind and true,
  A tender heart, a melting soul,
And still I see thine eye of blue
  As brightly and as purely roll.

O! WILT thou go with me, love,
  And seek the lonely glen?
O! wilt thou leave for me, love,
  The smiles of other men?—
The birds are there aye singing,
  And the woods are full of glee,

And love shall there be flinging
His roses over thee.

O! wilt thou go with me, dear,
And share my humble lot?
O! wilt thou live with me, dear,
Within a lowly cot?—
Though beauty hath enshrouded thee
With all that's sweet and fair,
The sorrows, that have clouded thee,
Shall all be wanting there.

O! wilt thou go with me, Anne,
To yonder mountain side,
And happy there in me, Anne,
Ne'er sigh for aught beside?—
Oh! heaven shall there be over us
Unclouded, pure, and bright,
And wings of love shall cover us,
And all around be light.

Yes, thou wilt go with me, love,
I see it in thy smile,
And I will be to thee, love,
Thy shelter all the while;
And thou shalt spread thy bloom around,
And be all sweet and fair,
And every sight, and touch, and sound
Shall be ecstatic there.

Thy ruffled wings are dropp'd with blood,
  But here no foe a dart shall bring.

Come to my home, thou bleeding heart!
  And trust thy woes to me alone;
For thou may'st all thy griefs impart,
  And I will take them as my own.
I have a healing balm for thee,
  To stanch thy blood, and sooth thy pain;
For kindly touch'd by sympathy,
  Thy wound shall never bleed again.

The world may scorn thee, if they please,
  But I will dare to love thee still;
Beneath these darkly sheltering trees,
  I'll guard thee safe from every ill.
For I have found thee kind and true,
  A tender heart, a melting soul,
And still I see thine eye of blue
  As brightly and as purely roll.

O! WILT thou go with me, love,
  And seek the lonely glen?
O! wilt thou leave for me, love,
  The smiles of other men?—
The birds are there aye singing,
  And the woods are full of glee,

O! Mary, dear Mary, I cannot forget thee,
  Though coldness hath parted my spirit from thine;
For ever the moment of bliss, when I met thee,
  Shall live and be bright in this bosom of mine;
The smile on thy lip, and the words that were spoken,
  The glance that reveal'd me the fire of thy soul,
Like a dream of enchantment, that cannot be broken,
  Around me in all their first loveliness roll.

O! Mary, sweet Mary, O! canst thou forget me,
  And think, never think, how we look'd and we lov'd?
O! wilt thou not bid me return there, and let me
  Be yet by thy sweetness to ecstacy mov'd?—
O! bid me return—and my spirit shall fly then,
  Like doves from the storm, and the hawk to their home,
And my heart for no happier dwelling shall sigh then,
  But cling to thee—never, ah! never to roam.

Here the air is sweet,
  Fresh from the roses newly blowing;
Here the waters meet,
  Down the grassy valley flowing;
Here the bands of ivy twine,
Here the bells in yellow shine
On the flowering gelsemine,
  Round the woven trellice growing.

Here the flitting breeze
  Wafts afar the musky treasure,
And the wanton bees
  Sip the honied fount of pleasure;
Here the loving spirits dwell,
Here they sit, and weave their spell,
And within the blossom's bell
  Tune their soul-dissolving measure.

Here the wind is balm,
  Laden with the breath of roses;
Here the air is calm,
  And the sleeping noon-flower closes;
Now the sun is setting bright,
And his arch of purple light
Heralding the summer night,
  Earth in dreams of bliss reposes.

Here's a magic bower—
  O'er it budding vines are creeping,
And a dewy shower,
  By, a bank of turf is steeping;
Though the fallen winds are mute,
Faintly from the sweet-blown flute,
Tones, that with the stillness suit,
  Harmonies of love are keeping.

I am here alone—
  Far has fled my flowery dreaming,
All its beauty flown
  Like a bow by moonlight gleaming,

Fancy's day of love is o'er,
All its rich and golden store
Ne'er can charm my spirit more
  With its false, but fairy seeming.

Dove of my heart! I've built a nest
  For thee and for thy young ones too,
Where they may sweetly sleep, caress'd
Beneath thy warm and downy breast,
  As infants in their cradles do.

I've bent around a limber vine,
  To form for thee a cool recess;
I'll scatter roses there, and twine
Above an arch of eglantine,
  That all within may charm and bless.

And when the frequent falling showers
  Make green the tender turf in May,
I'll go and pluck the young-ey'd flowers
Just opening in the lilac bowers,
  And on thy mossy pillow lay.

And when the sky is bright in June,
  I'll sit within a neighbouring shade;
And at the silent hour of noon
I'll put my mourning voice in tune
  To sigh around the lonely glade.

O! come, thou soft retiring dove,
  And sit within my downy nest;
I'll spread my sky-blue wings above,
Then, in the shadow of my love,
  Brood o'er thy young ones, and be blest.

She has no heart, but she is fair—
  The rose, the lily can't outvie her;
She smiles so sweetly, that the air
  Seems full of light and beauty nigh her.

She has no heart, but yet her face
  So many hues of youth revealing,
With so much liveliness and grace,
  That on my soul 'tis ever stealing.

She has no heart, she cannot love,
  But she can kindle love in mine—
Strange, that the softness of a dove
  Round such a thing of air can twine.

She has no heart—her eye, tho' bright,
  Has not the brightness of the soul;
'Tis not the pure and tender light,
  That love from seraph beauty stole.

'Tis but a wild and witching flame,
  That leads us on awhile thro' flowers,
Then leaves us, lost in guilt and shame,
  To mourn our vain departed hours.

Go then from me—thou canst not chain
  A soul, whose flight is wing'd above;
Turn not on me thine eye again;
  Thou hast no heart, thou canst not love.

The winds of the winter are over,
  The flowers and the green leaves return;
The meadow is mantled in clover,
  The hillock is scented with fern;
The blue birds are flitting and singing
  Their love-notes in thicket and tree,
But the flowers and the sweet birds are bringing
  No spring and no beauty to me.

My hopes have departed for ever,
  My vision of true love is o'er,
My heart shall awaken—ah! never,
  There's a spring to my bosom no more;
The roses that crown'd me, are blighted,
  The garland, I cherish'd, is dead;
The faith, we had promis'd and plighted,
  Is broken—my lover has fled.

They saw that my life was decaying,
  For my cheek lost its bloom, and grew pale;
They saw that my spirit was straying,
  But I told not a word of my tale;
Not a whisper reveal'd my deceiver,
  Not an ear heard me sigh or complain,
For my heart still ador'd its bereaver,
  And I hop'd, I should meet him again.

He came—but another had rifled
  The troth, he had plighted to me;
I look'd on, and my agony stifled,
  Tho' it burn'd like the sting of a bee—
O! the Sun is now sinking in billows,
  That roll o'er the hills in the west;
But morning will shine thro' the willows,
  And find me for ever at rest.

The dark cloud is over, the storm flies away,
The sun glances out at the closing of day,
The air now is freshen'd with rain and with dew,
And the turf shows a greener and livelier hue;
Tho' day is departing, the birds are awake,
And in full burst are merry in forest and brake;
The mist hovers over the fountain and rill,
And curls in light folds on the slope of the hill;

The bright arch of beauty its loveliness throws
O'er the cloud, as the west takes the tint of the rose.

New fragrance is flowing from garden and bower,
The flowers are all urns deeply fill'd with the shower,
And their incense is rising and floating away
To hallow and sweeten the closing of day;
The lily, in purer and silkier white,
Is gemm'd with the tenderest touches of light,
The rose shines with deeper carnation, and breathes
Softer balm, as the maiden her coronal wreathes,
And brighter and clearer the round pearls, that drip
From its leafets to blend with the dew of her lip.

O! there is not a sweeter and lovelier hour,
Than the bright sunny evening, that follows a shower—
Like a hand o'er the heart strings in tenderness thrown,
It tunes every thought to the mellowest tone;
Then the eye flashes keen, tho' the press'd lip be still,
And hand touches hand with a livelier thrill;
Then soft words, in whispers of fondness, are flowing,
And the cheek, with the warm flush of passion, is glowing;
There is silence and sweetness in earth and in air,
And the spirit of love and of beauty is there.

The frenzy of a lover, who can tell?
The glow and flush of feeling, when the eye

They saw that my life was decaying,
  For my cheek lost its bloom, and grew pale;
They saw that my spirit was straying,
  But I told not a word of my tale;
Not a whisper reveal'd my deceiver,
  Not an ear heard me sigh or complain,
For my heart still ador'd its bereaver,
  And I hop'd, I should meet him again.

He came—but another had rifled
  The troth, he had plighted to me;
I look'd on, and my agony stifled,
  Tho' it burn'd like the sting of a bee—
O! the Sun is now sinking in billows,
  That roll o'er the hills in the west;
But morning will shine thro' the willows,
  And find me for ever at rest.

The dark cloud is over, the storm flies away,
The sun glances out at the closing of day,
The air now is freshen'd with rain and with dew,
And the turf shows a greener and livelier hue;
Tho' day is departing, the birds are awake,
And in full burst are merry in forest and brake;
The mist hovers over the fountain and rill,
And curls in light folds on the slope of the hill;

They gaz'd upon each other—they were young,
In the first bloom of beauty—she was fair—
Around her marble neck her raven hair,
In flowing curls and waving tresses hung;
There was a pensive spirit in her eye,
Whose sparkling jet, beneath a falling lid
Fring'd with its long dark lashes, vainly hid
The fire of love that lit it. She would try
To seem light-hearted, but whene'er she met
The eye, that fix'd upon her, darkly set
The dawning of her mirth, and deeper glow'd
The clear carnation of her tender cheek;
And though she often strove to smile, and speak
Gaily, the quiv'ring lip and accent show'd,
A fire was in her bosom, whose pure flame
Not time, nor want, nor force, could quench, or tame,
But round her heart the torch would ever play,
And eat, through hopeless years, her life away.

Beneath the pensive willow's shade,
As evening melts in yonder sky,
In careless ease, inglorious laid,
My dreaming moments hover by.

Why should the mind be rack'd with care?
Why should the bosom beat with pain?

Dilates o'er beauty, and the burning sigh
Heaves deep, and strong, and frequent, from the swell
Of hearts o'erwrought to rapture—who can give
The colours to the canvass, that portray,
On cheek, and lip, and brow, the changeful play
Of Hope, Despair, of ecstacy and pain
Too keen for common hearts to feel and live,
The long, long wish to meet those eyes again,
The disappointed hope deferr'd, till all
Is hung around with doubt's funeral pall,
And darkness veils the spirit, like the gloom
Thrown in embodied blackness from the tomb—
O! there are feelings, which no tongue hath power
To utter, which come o'er him at the hour,
When looks of kindness flash into his soul,
And tones, that tell affection greet his ear,
And sweet smiles answer, when she leans to hear
His whisper'd heart—O! then their feelings roll
Wild as the ocean, when the winds have blown
Madly, but now the tempest far has flown,
And on the curling foam, and bursting wave,
The sun in all his pomp of brightness glows,
And stars and flakes of liquid lightning pave
The clefted billows, where they rush and rave
Around the vessel, as she proudly goes,
Leaping impetuous on, from surge to surge,
Like coursers, whom the calls of battle urge
Onward, with quivering bound and flashing eye,
To mingle in the thickest fight and die.

Let the wide earth re-echo to the sound,
The world, and all its fulness ring around;
For what Jehovah utters—that shall be.

2 Against the nations he has bar'd his wrath;
Fury and indignation mark his path,
And all their armies backward shrink in dread:
Their hosts to one wide slaughter he hath given,
And by his sweeping sword their cohorts driven,
Shall roll in one deep bleeding pile of dead.

3 Their corpses heap'd upon the battle field,
No friend the rites of sepulture shall yield;
There they shall rot, and welter in the sun:
The worm shall be their covering, and their shroud
The stench, that rises in a tainted cloud—
Like rivers, from the hills their blood shall run.

4 And all the host of heaven shall waste away,
A sooty steam shall dim the light of day,
And darkness brood o'er all with raven wing;
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars away shall roll,
The skies convolving like a folding scroll,
And there unmingled Night her veil shall fling.

The hosts of heaven shall from their centres rush,
And all their frame, in one tremendous crush,
With trailing flames to earth its arches bend;
As when the vine's sere foliage falling plays,
And ripe figs drop in autumn's lonely days,
So shall those countless worlds of light descend.

5 The purple of their crime has fill'd the sky,
And stain'd it with a deep, a guilty die;
And there Jehovah bathes his burning sword:
High o'er Chaldea's land that falchion waves,
A people doom'd and destin'd to their graves;
It falls—urg'd onward by the avenging Lord.

6 It falls—and every soul a victim dies;
In mangled heaps their welt'ring corpses rise,
The King, the Prince, the servant, all are gone:
That sword, with slaughter wearied, drips in gore;
With clots and hair and brains bespatter'd o'er,
It rests—the work of vengeance now is done.

Scar'd by the terrors of the Conqueror's eye,
Like sheep and goats, *a timorous flock*, they fly;
The sword behind them thirsts and flashes still:
It longs on all their carcases to feed,
And as the palpitating victims bleed,
From the warm stream of life to drink its fill.

7–8 Armies and peasants, camps and cities, all
Doom'd to one spreading desolation, fall,
Like bulls and lambs before the lion driven:
The soak'd earth steams a hot and feverish cloud,
The gore-fed weeds their crumbling bones inshroud—
Come near, and see the wrath of injur'd heaven.

9 'Tis silent, lonely, desolate—a land
Of molten rocks, of white and dazzling sand,
Where stifling vapours fill the poison'd air;
With pitchy slime its sluggish rivers flow,
And lava torrents heave and boil and glow;
Bitumen burns, and sulphur flashes there.

10 The quenchless fire shall redden thro' the night,
And send aloft, by day, a smoky light,
And rolling clouds in heavy folds ascend;
From age to age, the traveller, on his path,
Shuddering shall see that wasted land of wrath,
And back with fearful steps his journey bend.

Ruin is on that city of renown;
Her towers and battlements have thunder'd down,
The engine of the Lord hath laid them low:
The busy hum of trade, the slave's employ,
The warrior's echoed shout, the glee of joy
Are hush'd in that eternal overthrow.

11–12 The trumpet shall in vain to battle sound,
No armed host shall proudly throng around
Their captains; all their pomp and power is gone:
The courts and chambers, to the Arab's tread,
Ring, like the vaulted caverns of the dead,
And silence sits upon the Monarch's throne.

And there the Pelican shall build her nest,
And feed her young ones from her bleeding breast,
And by the bittern's boom the hush be broke;

The Owlet sit and mourn in every tower,
And when the day is dark, and tempests lower,
The Raven in sepulchral omens croak.

On every tumbling wall, and mould'ring shrine
The Lord, the unerring Lord, shall stretch his line,
And in eternal ruin thou shalt lie;
Sure, as the plummet settles to the ground,
Thy courts shall echo, with an empty sound,
To the scar'd wanderer, as he hurries by.

13 And thorns shall choke the palace of her kings,
The bramble and the nettle twine their stings,
And mantle o'er her bulwarks and her walls;
The lurking lizard there shall dwell and breed,
The Ostrich on the tall, rank grass shall feed,
That rustling waves in her deserted halls.

14 In the dark watches of the lonely night,
In one infernal chorus shall unite
The Wild-cat's yell, the gaunt Hyena's howl;
The Baboon to his fellow Baboon cry,
The wild blast of the desert whistling by
Ring with the harpy screaming of the Owl.

15 There shall the viper nestle, and shall lay
Her filmy eggs, and there her young shall play;
There she shall coil, and watch beneath the shade,
And on the traveller darting, fix her sting;—
And there the vulture fold his sooty wing,
Beside his mate in sordid slumber laid.

9 'Tis silent, lonely, desolate—a land
Of molten rocks, of white and dazzling sand,
Where stifling vapours fill the poison'd air;
With pitchy slime its sluggish rivers flow,
And lava torrents heave and boil and glow;
Bitumen burns, and sulphur flashes there.

10 The quenchless fire shall redden thro' the night,
And send aloft, by day, a smoky light,
And rolling clouds in heavy folds ascend;
From age to age, the traveller, on his path,
Shuddering shall see that wasted land of wrath,
And back with fearful steps his journey bend.

Ruin is on that city of renown;
Her towers and battlements have thunder'd down,
The engine of the Lord hath laid them low:
The busy hum of trade, the slave's employ,
The warrior's echoed shout, the glee of joy
Are hush'd in that eternal overthrow.

11–12 The trumpet shall in vain to battle sound,
No armed host shall proudly throng around
Their captains; all their pomp and power is gone:
The courts and chambers, to the Arab's tread,
Ring, like the vaulted caverns of the dead,
And silence sits upon the Monarch's throne.

And there the Pelican shall build her nest,
And feed her young ones from her bleeding breast,
And by the bittern's boom the hush be broke;

The Owlet sit and mourn in every tower,
And when the day is dark, and tempests lower,
  The Raven in sepulchral omens croak.

On every tumbling wall, and mould'ring shrine
The Lord, the unerring Lord, shall stretch his line,
  And in eternal ruin thou shalt lie;
Sure, as the plummet settles to the ground,
Thy courts shall echo, with an empty sound,
  To the scar'd wanderer, as he hurries by.

13 And thorns shall choke the palace of her kings,
  The bramble and the nettle twine their stings,
    And mantle o'er her bulwarks and her walls;
  The lurking lizard there shall dwell and breed,
  The Ostrich on the tall, rank grass shall feed,
    That rustling waves in her deserted halls.

14 In the dark watches of the lonely night,
  In one infernal chorus shall unite
    The Wild-cat's yell, the gaunt Hyena's howl;
  The Baboon to his fellow Baboon cry,
  The wild blast of the desert whistling by
    Ring with the harpy screaming of the Owl.

15 There shall the viper nestle, and shall lay
  Her filmy eggs, and there her young shall play;
    There she shall coil, and watch beneath the shade,
  And on the traveller darting, fix her sting;—
  And there the vulture fold his sooty wing,
    Beside his mate in sordid slumber laid.

Who, through being's lonely night,
Guid'st me with unerring light,
And though clouds awhile may roll
O'er thy brightness and my soul,
Soon the vapour flits away,
And the world again is day.

Thou, with pure consoling beam,
Shin'st on life's unquiet stream,
And thy ray of beauty guides
O'er the dark and tossing tides,
Rising with a smiling form
From the bosom of the storm,
Till the gloom and tempest past,
Safe we reach thy home at last.

When I weep in grief alone,
Every fond endearment flown,
When the gay world has no power
In this dark and lonely hour—
Still thy calm and lovely beam,
Bright, as morning on a stream,
Drops a light upon my breast
Hushing every pulse to rest.

Life is poor and faint below;
Never can its joy bestow
Pleasure on the pure in heart,
They pursue a better part:

O'er this dark and turbid sea
Hastening onward after thee,
Staid by calms, by tempests driven,
All their hope, their aim is heaven.

III.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work."

In wisdom God hath made the world,
And still upholds its wondrous frame;
The planets in their orbits whirl'd,
Roll round their endless path the same:

The same unchanging laws control
The Suns, that sparkle in the skies,
The waves, that now in calmness roll,
And now in wildest tempest rise:

The winds obey his word and go,
Where'er his mandate sends them forth;
They now in balmy zephyrs flow,
Now whistle from the icy North:

The rain descends, the fields are green,
And smile to catch the falling showers;

The clouds are gone, and earth is seen
  To mourn in summer's scorching hours:

Lightnings await his voice, and fly
  On wings of flame athwart the storm;
Whose midnight volume rolling by
  Lifts, like a tower, its giant form:

The spring is but his smile of love,
  The tempest but his angry frown;
His music charms us in the grove,
  And then he pours his torrents down:

The dew, the rain, the frost, the snow,
  And night, and day, his power proclaim;
And all their varying changes show,
  The hand that guides them, still the same.

IV.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

There is an infant, pillow'd sweetly,
  Asleep upon its mother's breast;
A cloak is wrapp'd around it neatly,
  And it is smiling in its rest;

A halo seems to hover o'er it,
  An emanation of the skies;
And the glad heart of her, who bore it,
  Reads peace around its sleeping eyes.

The emblem of angelic spirits,
  Who live beyond the arching blue,
Where every stainless soul inherits
  Delight, eternal ages through;
The same pure light around it flowing,
  The same soft smile is imag'd there,
The same bright, burning heart is glowing,
  As in the forms divinely fair.

To all, who reach the gate of heaven,
  And o'er its starry threshold go,
A heart as pure, as soft is given,
  It burns with holy feeling so;
With love unstain'd their eye is beaming,
  Love for their God and all he made;
Such, deem I, is the infant dreaming,
  Upon its tender pillow laid.

Be like the infant—pure, unspotted,
  As fountains bubbling from their spring—
Before the sheet of life is blotted,
  Or Peace, the dove, has taken wing;
Be like the infant—soft and tender,
  As flowers that just begin to blow;
And God will be your kind defender,
  Where'er you rest, where'er you go.

V.

HOLY DYING.

Calm is the parting hour,
When death with sovereign power
Throws o'er the righteous soul his heavy chain:
Nor doubt, nor dread attend,
While round him lov'd ones bend;
But peace celestial, mocks the body's pain.

He sees the links of earth
Part; and his final birth
To perfect holiness, with raptur'd eye:
Behind a vale of tears,
In cloud and shade appears;
Before, the Heaven-bright fields of promise lie.

His friends hang round and weep,
While, like an infant's sleep,
The chilling lethargy of death steals on;
And o'er his eye the glaze
Falls, and the spirit's blaze
Flashes for once, and all of earth is done.

How silent, like the breath
Of morning, was that death;
No agony, nor torturing thought was there:

And what a holy smile
Plays round those lips the while,
And how, like heaven's own arch, that brow is fair.

O! may my footsteps tread
This path, by virtue led,
And God's own day-star, till I sink in dust;
And when I lay me down
To sleep, O! may the crown
Shine on my eye, that circles round the just.

S. M.

A. M. FISHER.

I.

We ask no flowers to deck thy tomb;
Thy name, in purer light, shall bloom,
When every flower of earth is dead,
And all, that bloom below, are fled.

To thee, the light of mind was given,
The centre of thy soul was heaven;
In early youth, the spirit came,
And wrapp'd thee in its wings of flame.

The lambent light, that round thee flow'd,
Rose to its high and bright abode,

And bore thy restless eye afar,
To read the fate of sun and star.

Fain would we think the chain is broke,
That bound thy spirit to its yoke;
That now no mist of earth can blind
Thy bright, thy pure, and perfect mind.

Thy grave is on a foreign strand,
Thy tomb is in a distant land,
No kinsman came, no friend was near,
To close thine eye, and deck thy bier.

But friends will gather round thy tomb,
And long lament thy early doom,
And thither science oft repair,
To plant her choicest laurels there.

II.

The brightest blossom soonest dies,
The purest dew will early rise
  To mingle with the viewless air;
The fairest rose will soon decay,
The softest beauty pass away,
  And all be dark and lonely there.

The brightest [illegible] are soonest gone,
The prondest [illegible] is quickest won,
And Genius [illegible], in youth, a grave;
The hand, that sent it from above,
Recalls it in its fondest love,
And takes the choicest gift it gave.

Mind cannot linger long below,
And keep unstain'd its virgin snow;
Earth will assert its base control:
Happy the life, that soon is o'er—
Pain ne'er can bow the spirit more,
No force can crush the tender soul.

A few short years, but, oh! how bright,
With pure, serene and mellow light,
No hour, no moment spent in vain.
Better, than base eternity,
To live these transient years, like thee,
In light, and die without a stain.

CARMEN SECULARE.

Into the gulf of past eternity
Another year, in all its pride, has roll'd,
And soon its brightest pageantry shall be
Lost in the long-forgotten days of old;

Oblivion draws around its darkest fold
  To hide the pomp, that millions gaz'd upon;
The curfew of departed joys has toll'd,
  Another circle in our life is run,
  And nearer draws the goal, where all of earth is won.

A year has ended—let the good man pause,
  And think, for he can think, of all its crime,
And toil, and suffering. Nature has her laws,
  That will not brook infringement; in all time,
All circumstance, all state, in every clime,
  She holds aloft the same avenging sword;
And sitting on her boundless throne sublime,
  The vials of her wrath, with justice stor'd,
Shall, in her own good hour, on all that's ill be pour'd.

And Kings, who hug themselves in sordid ease,
  And revel in their vassals' blood and tears,
Who grasp at all can sense or passion please,
  And build their strength on others' wants and fears;
For them, the heap'd up vengeance of long years,
  Pois'd like a snow-cliff on a mountain's brow,
Wild as the sounding avalanche careers,
  Or oceans rushing in their stormy flow,
  Shall bury all their power in one wide overthrow.

Revenge may hold her breath awhile, but still
  The spirit boils within, and soon will burst,
Like lavas from their vaults—the long-check'd will
  Breaks out with deeper fury, fed and nurst

By ever-growing outrage, till the worst
And reddest scourge of tyranny unbinds
The rusted links of cent'ries, which, long curs'd
But dreaded, now the vassal rends, and finds
At once his gall'd limbs free and chainless as the winds.

Sov'reigns may band in holy leagues, and lock
Their fetters on a continent, which springs
To claim its birth right—they may coldly mock
The strivings of young Liberty, as things,
That are to them but toys to play with—Kings
Have long enough made men their play—the hour
When wrath shall wake, and triumph clap her wings
Over the broken images of power,
Draws nigh, and they, who rear the haught crest, soon
will cower.

The dawning year beheld a nation rise,
Free in a glorious seeming—but it fell—
Where was the Roman fire? Italian skies
Shone over them as purely; and the swell
Of that wide gulf, where ancient glories dwell,
Roll'd with as bright a tint on Baiæ's coast—
Though Rome's dark ruins frown'd, as by a spell,
At once before the German's hireling host,
They sunk, and, in one hour, forgot their proudest
boast.

They sunk, but yet in nobler souls lives still
A feeling, fetters, swords, can never quell;

Brute force may crush the [illegible] but cannot kill;
  The mind, that thinks, no [illegible] compel,
But it will speak at length, [illegible]
  The world its weakness and its rights; the night,
Our race so long has grop'd through, since man fell
  From his imagin'd Eden of delight,
  Must, will ere long retire from Truth's fast-dawning
    light.

For Mind has dar'd assert its native claim,
  And bigot rage, and superstitious dread,
And priesthood, rob'd in purple, cannot tame
  Its strong up-risings: Power, with hydra head,
On vice, and self, as on a Lerne, fed,
  Awhile may bind the nations to its car—
In thousand hearts a Hercules is bred,
  The fearless champion of a coming war,
  When Liberty, at last, shall break her dungeon bar;

And, in the vigor of her youth, go forth,
  Unshackled and undaunted, and shall call,
With the clear summons of her trump, the North
  To send its nerv'd sons on to scale the wall,
Whereon the Cross and Crescent shadow all,
  That cradled glory in the olden time;
And sack the Czar's firm bulwarks, wherein stall
  Slavery, and beastly ignorance, and crime,
  And sense, that drags its folds in pleasure's foulest slime.

And on the sea, whose bright green waves should roll,
  Without the stain of innocent blood, nor bear
The burden of rank avarice to the goal,
  Where toil and stripes await it; where thieves dare
Their darkest deeds of rapine, she will there
  Ride in her car of vengeance, and proclaim
To every plunderer, be it they who bear
  The ocean's lord, or dogs unknown to fame,
  That her strong arm shall soon their blood-drunk
    boasting tame.

Go forth, ye navies, o'er the ocean go,
  Where havoc riots on the pirate's deck,
Where steals along the cowering bark of woe,
  And bid those dens of torture float a wreck;
And as you first the Invincible did check,
  So let him feel the force of nature's sway—
Would they might rouse, who worship at the beck
  Of Europe's *would-be* lord, and rend away
  The veil, that hides from Greece the glories of that
    day,

Of which all hearts are proud, the brightest hour
  In all the round of ages, which will stand
A monument of light, the sacred dower
  Of never-dying truth—the tyrant's hand
Awhile may dim the glories of that land,
  And doom it to be trampled on, but still
There we shall image out the Spartan band,
  There we shall gaze on Freedom's holy hill,
  And from her kindling founts, the cup, that fires us, fill.

Where sleeps the fire, that erst in Pylæ burn'd?
  Where lurks the spirit of that godlike age?
Shall the bright soul forever rest inurn'd?
  Is there no hand to check the Tartar's rage?
Shall Turk on light, and love, and freedom wage
  A war, that swept whole nations like a flame?
Shall Europe never in that cause engage,
  And wipe, from off her shores, that blot and shame?—
  Her feeblest arm might now the glutted vulture tame.

But shall we mourn, because those fanes are low,
  Where Gods were knelt to, and where lust was right?
There was a gladness in the overthrow
  Of Temples, where Religion had no light;
And though the Cross still left the land in night,
  And bound the spirit in as cold a chain,
Yet we can still exult, and boldly write,
  "Idols, and idol-worshippers again
  On lands, where Truth has pour'd her light, shall
    never reign."

There is a twilight dawning on the world,
  The herald of a full and perfect day,
When Liberty's wide flag shall be unfurl'd,
  And kings shall bow to her superior sway:
Already she is on her august way,
  And marching upward to her final goal;
Nations the warning of her voice obey,
  Away the clouds of fear and error roll,
  The chain is broke, that bound the thrall'd and fet-
    ter'd soul.

That chain is off a Continent, where Man
  Begins anew his being—where a course,
Brighter than ever Greek or Roman ran,
  Spread its wide list before him—from a source,
Unstain'd and deep, with strong resistless force,
  The uncheck'd wave of enterprize rolls on:
Hope gilds it o'er with sun beams; wild and hoarse,
  As storm-lash'd oceans, till the plain is won,
  Then in majestic might its calm, full waters run.

Here Liberty shall build her proudest fane,
  Loftier than snow-topp'd Andes, and its dome
Shall cast a burning brightness o'er the main,
  And all, who seek a purer, calmer home,
Shall steer their bounding barks across the foam,
  And furl their sails on Freedom's chosen shore—
Here all that Law has in her choicest tome,
  And all the climes of Greece and Latium bore,
  Nature from her full stores around our hearts shall
    pour.

Here shall the energy of mind be shown,
  In all its widest daring—nought can check
The generous spirit, which away hath thrown
  The yoke, that galls and curbs, the toys, that deck;
Prescription cannot bow him at her beck,
  Nor rooted wrong command, nor force control;
He is not of the sordid slaves, who reck
  The statesman's gilded bribe, and stinted dole—
  In vain corruption woos the high, enlighten'd soul.

We have our Sages, who drew down from heaven,
  The bolt that shivers, and the light that warms;
Who steer'd the helm of state, when madly driven
  It seem'd the prey of power and civil storms.
We have our heroes, who have met the swarms
  Of hireling butchers—back the torrent roll'd:
Though want and terror took their direst forms,
  Proud in their simple freedom, sternly bold,
  They stood through trying years, and kept their last
    strong hold.

And they were victors, and new light hath risen
  From them upon the nations—here they draw
The energy, that breaks their feudal prison;
  The light, that guides them, is our country's law;
Too strong its perfect brightness—when they saw,
  Madden'd they rush'd upon their lords, and tore
The sceptre from their grasp—the coward awe
  Of crown and mitre crush'd their hearts no more—
  They wildly fed the hate, so long they fiercely bore.

They turn'd upon each other, with an ire,
  Like that of ravening tigers, till their glut
Of kindred slaughter quench'd the maniac fire,
  And then again their prison-gate was shut—
They grasp'd at full and perfect freedom, but
  A stronger bar confin'd them, than before;
Fetters of adamantine steel were put
  Around their scarce heal'd limbs; they dragg'd thro'
    gore,
  To please a driver's whim, the manacles, they wore.

Order alone is freedom—We must bend
  Beneath the sanctity of higher power,
Not transient will, but laws that have no end,
  Stamp'd and enforced in being's earliest hour;
Sanction'd by time, they are the holy dower
  Of ages, which from darkness rose to light—
Man first was fearless, then he learn'd to cower,
  And grop'd thro' superstition's stygian night;
  Till Science rose, and day shone round him warm and
    bright.

Few are the clear, strong spirits, who can bear
  To look on Truth in her unclouded blaze;
Few are the high, heroic souls, who dare
  Above the low pursuit of gain to raise
Their firm, unbending purpose; few can gaze
  At virtue, on her pure and awful throne—
Ah! few can love the ethereal coin she pays—
  But they must love it, for the souls alone,
  Who master self, can claim our birthright, as their own.

And Freedom thus, of old, so often fell
  Before Ambition, when the herd, that crawls
Within the crouded haunt, the sordid Hell,
  Where luxury and lust have built their walls,
Sunk in each vice, that deadens and enthrals,
  Barter'd their unpriz'd liberty for gold—
As the pure stream upon the palate palls,
  When wine has fir'd the senses, so they sold
  The rights, that prouder hearts, than being, dearer
    hold.

There is a twofold liberty in Man,
  The liberty of knowledge and of power—
This wanders in the desert with the clan,
  Or where aloft the Alpine summits tower.
Limbs knit with iron cannot stoop or cower,
  Hands harden'd by free toiling cannot bear
The burden of a tyrant—He might pour
  Whole hosts around them; they would nobly dare
  To guard their desert rocks, or die unconquer'd there.

The other hath its dwelling with the sage—
  Where mind is dark, and appetites prevail,
Where grovels lust, and brutal passions rage,
  The breathings of her spirit nought avail—
Of cultur'd states 'tis the eternal bale,
  That vice will grow with wealth and light, and bow
The strength, that rear'd the fabric—free hearts quail,
  Before that torrent wave, whose giant flow
  Buries a nation's pride in one deep overthrow.

Cities have been, and vanish'd; fanes have sunk,
  Heap'd into shapeless ruin; sands o'erspread
Fields, that were Edens; millions too have shrunk
  To a few starving hundreds, or have fled
From off the page of being—Now the dead
  Are the sole habitants of Babylon;
Kings, at whose bidding nations toil'd and bled,
  Heroes, who many a field of carnage won,
  Their names—their boasted names to utter death are
    done.

Such is the fate of Empire—Ashur rose,
  Where elder thrones and prouder warriors stood;
Before the Memphian priest his precepts chose,
  Men reason'd greatly of the highest good;
Before Troy was, or Xanthus roll'd in blood,
  Armies were ranged in battle's dread array;
They fought—their glory wither'd in its bud;
  They perish'd—with them ceas'd their tyrant sway;
  New wars, new heroes came—their story pass'd away.

They had no bard, and they are dead to fame;
  But they were brave—were Demigods, and yet
The spirit, which no threat, no force could tame,
  Which burn'd the brighter, when in conflict met,
The sun of ancient valour long has set,
  Their deeds are swept from memory's teeming page—
How soon the renovated race forget
  The chiefs, who ground the nations in their rage—
  Some Lord must rise to curb, and crush in every age.

Napoleon, Frederic, Charles, and Cromwell—these
  Swept the earth with a besom dipt in fire.
They would have kings, and nations bend their knees;
  Theirs was the untam'd thirst of something higher,
An energy of hope, that could not tire,
  The love of self to deeds of might sublim'd,
Ambition wrought to habitudes of ire,
  Force, reckless force, uncheck'd, unbent, untim'd,
  An aim to gain a height, where power had never
    climb'd.

They sought, they knew not what—they set no bound
  To their wide-clenching grasp—their longing grew,
As grew their empire—keenly, as the hound
  Catches the deer-track in the morning dew,
They snuff'd the scent of conquest—victory threw
  Her laurels at their feet—awhile they gave
Blood to the earth, like water—madly flew
  Their gore-fed eagles.—But the wildest wave
  Breaks and subsides at last—their end was in the grave.

Now they are dust and ashes—other swarms
  People the ground they wasted—other men
Rise to be torn and toss'd by other storms—
  Ambition sleeps a moment in her den
To gain new breath, and fire, and strength; but then
  She blows the ember'd coals and they are flame—
So it must be, for it hath ever been—
  Age rolls on age, and heroes are the same—
  The rest, the crowd, the mob, the warlike hunter's
    game;

Food for the sword and cannon, steps to climb
  Ambition's ladder, brutes, who walk erect,
Crouching and gloating on the dust and slime,
  Where they would creep and wallow, if not check'd
By biting wants, that man to man connect,
  The strong necessity of care and toil—
Give them their own free scope and they are wreck'd,
  For master souls their passions will embroil,
  And tyranny at last will twine them in its coil.

A PICTURE.

There is a fountain of the purest wave—
It ever floweth full and freshly on,
Laughing beneath the fairest light of heaven,
And chiming, like the tender voice of birds,
Within a dewy thicket, when the morn
Comes forth in beauty, and the winds awake
To sip the moisture in the lily's bell.
The spring is hidden in a silent cave,
The shrine of darkness, and of loneliness,
And then it stealeth out to meet the sun,
And shine beneath his brightness, and reveal
The crystal of its purity, and play,
In dovelike undulations, with the airs,
That gently come and kiss it, with a breath
Perfum'd among the roses, till they lend
A sweetness to the waters, like the rills,
That spout from marble wells in Asian bowers.
And where it cometh forth to meet the light,
The rock is tapestried in mossy green,
For ever freshening with the sprinkled dews,
And always young in verdure, as when Spring
Throws her new mantle o'er the turf, until
The eye reposes on it, as a balm,
That, with its tender soothings, wins the heart
To thoughts of purity and gentleness;
For there is in the sight of fairy forms,
And mellow tinctures, and dissolving shades,
And in the sound of rustling leaves, and waves,
That murmur into slumber, and of birds

Saluting, with their cheery notes, the dawn,
And pouring out the loneliness of heart,
A rifled mother feels, when o'er her nest
She sits, and sees her young ones stolen away,—
And in the scent of gardens, and young vines,
And violet beds along the meadow brooks,
There is a sweet attraction, which doth blend
The spirit with the life of outward things,
And it partaketh then in all the joy
Of Nature, when she riseth from her sleep,
And throweth out her vigour to the winds,
And boundeth in her ecstacy, as fawns
Leap in the very wantonness of heart,
When life is all exuberance and fire.

It floweth on imbank'd in freshest turf,
Bending its margin low to meet the clear,
Cool element, and slake its thirst therein,
And bathe its roots, like silken threads, that play
Waving and streaming with the current's fall.

Its flow is over pebbles and bright sands,
Which, from the curling waters flashing out,
Inlay the channel with mosaic, where
The white flint shines like pearl, the agate glows
With playful tints, dovelike or pavonine,
Catching new splendour from the wave; the while
Smooth-rounded stones, deep blue and ebony,
And slaty flakes of red and russet-brown,
Lie darker in their brightness, as when gems
Sparkle from out the chilly night of caves.

Above it elms and poplars—trees that love
The bank of meadow brooks: those with their limbs
Light-arching in a platted canopy;
These rising in a pyramid of boughs,
And glancing with their many-twinkling leaves,
Bright in their varnish'd verdure, when they drink
The pure light in their stillness; when at play,
Chequer'd with freshest green and snowy down.
Beside them willows droop to kiss the wave,
That calmly crinkles by them, and they dip
Their waving twigs, so that their silken leaves
Ruffle the water to a circling curl,
Widening and lessening to the turfy shore.
From out its bosom islets lift their tufts
Of alder and of sedges, where the wind
Plays through the pointed blades, and murmuring lulls
The dreamer, who reposes on the brink,
And gazes on the ever-changing play
Of bubble and of ripple, of light plumes
Moving like pygmy vessels, as the breath
Of summer fills their fanlike sail, and throws
A sudden dimple o'er the mirror'd stream.
Flowers too are on its borders; flags in blue
Carpet the hollow, roses on the knoll
Open their cluster'd crimson, cardinals
Lift, on the shady margin, spikes of fire,
And one,* whose feather'd stem, and starry bloom
Of glossy yellow, wafted in the flow,
Floats, like a sleeping Naiad, on the wave.

* Ranunculus fluitans.

There is a calm lagoon,
Hid in the bosom of a cypress grove;
Around deep shade, above
The tropic sun pours down the heat of noon.
The aged fathers of the forest wave
Their giant arms athwart the gloom below,
And as the winds in fitful breathing blow,
Their rush is like the tide's resounding flow,
Or sighs above a maiden's early grave.
The long moss hangs its hair,
In hoary festoons, on from tree to tree:
Lianas, twining there,
Ramble around the forest, wild and free;
They wave their bowering canopy,
Impervious to the faintest ray of light;
The softest dew of night
Steals never through its mantling tapestry
With blue and starry blossoms spangled o'er;
And scarlet fruits, in clusters hung,
Low bending shine around the winding shore,
Brighter, than aught Hesperian gardens bore,
Or Eastern bard, in vine-clad arbour, sung.

And on that calm lagoon
The water-lilies float;
Blue, as the deepest tinctur'd sky at noon,
Or white, as new-fallen mountain snow,
Or died in carmine, like the stain
Of clouds, that on the verge of morning glow,
Or golden, as the setting beam,

When flashing on the burnish'd stream,
Or veil'd in mellow tinctures, like the flow
Of milk and wine dissolving, or the plain
Of ether, when its starry bow
O'erspans the arch of midnight, as a belt,
Or like the pearl and topaz, when they melt
Their soft reflections in the folded chain,
Around the fairest neck of beauty hung—
So sit they calmly in their cups, or swung
Along the surface of the rippling wave,
Whether the spirits of the air awake,
And sport, with glancing pinions, on the lake,
Or slumber in their silent cave.

LL live and move to the poetic eye—
he winds have voices, and the stars of night
re spirits thron'd in brightness, keeping watch
'er earth and its inhabitants; the clouds,
hat gird the sun with glory, are a train,
ı panoply of gold around him set,
o guard his morning and his evening throne.
he elements are instruments, employ'd
y unseen hands, to work *their* sovereign will.
hey do *their* bidding—when the storm goes forth,
'is but the thunderer's car, whereon he rides,
loft in triumph, o'er our prostrate heads.
s roar is but the rumbling of his wheels,
s flashes are his arrows, and the folds,
hat curl and heave upon the warring winds,
he dust, that rolls beneath his coursers' feet.

I saw, on the top of a mountain high,
  A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seem'd a star, which had left the sky,
  And dropp'd to sleep on the lonely height:
I climb'd the peak, and I found it soon
A lump of ice, in the clear, cold moon.
Can you its hidden sense impart?
'Twas a cheerful look, and a broken heart.

SONNET.

Again farewell—perchance a last Adieu!
  Our meeting was in loneliness and tears,
  For life look'd frowning on my early years,
And the bright moments of my youth were few—
I long'd to meet a bosom, fond and true,
  Where I might find a heart, that beat with mine;
  I imag'd out a beauty all divine,
And there the homage of my soul I threw.

Vain were those fond illusions—O! as vain
  The light of fame, that drew my spirit on
To climb with patient step, the lofty fane,
  Whereon the brightest wreath of mind is won,
And on the proudest height of glory gain
  The twine of bay, that crowns her chosen one.

S. CONVERSE,

Has just published, and offers for sale,

A DIGEST

OF THE

LAWS OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT

IN TWO VOLUMES.—Vol. I.

BY ZEPHANIAH SWIFT, LL. D. C. A. S.

Late Chief Justice of the State.

The price of the volume is $6,50, and contai
708 pages extra size 8vo—on Long Primer type

EXTRACT

From a Notice of the work, in the "UNITED STATES LA
JOURNAL AND LITTELL'S MAGAZINE."

"In fact, the Judge has attempted a digest; not only
the statute law of Connecticut, but of the whole comm
law, as applicable in this State, and, for the most part,
this country; and we have no doubt that he is correct
the view he expresses of the utility of his work to the pr
fession in our country at large."

"We may hereafter, perhaps, extend more in det
this laborious and valuable Digest. For the present
must conclude with heartily recommending it to our re
ders, in whatever part of the Union."

[redacted]